

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1836.

Art. I.—1. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

Published in 1526. Being the first Translation from the Greek into English, by that eminent Scholar and Martyr, William Tyndale. Reprinted verbatim: with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by George Offor. Together with the Proceedings and Correspondence of Henry VIII., Sir T. More, and Lord Cromwell. 8vo. Price 10s. London, 1836.

2. *The English Scriptures*, their first Reception and Effects, including Memorials of Tyndale, Fryth, Coverdale, and Rogers; assigning to each his respective Place in the production of the English Bible. With an Appendix, respecting the First Edition of the English New Testament by Tyndale in 1525, &c. 8vo. pp. 110. Edinburgh, 1835.

THE unjust and ungrateful neglect with which the memory of Tyndale and his illustrious compeers has hitherto been treated by his countrymen, reflects little honour upon us either as Englishmen or as Protestants. The debt which we owe to those valiant and holy men whose labours and sufferings laid the foundation of our reformed Christianity, it is impossible to estimate. Yet, had they been the most obscure writers, or the most mischievous heretics, their writings could scarcely have been treated with greater neglect, or their names have received less honour from the members of a Church which glories in her Laud, and profanely bestows upon his royal master the appellation of martyr. Our national universities have each its splendid printing establishment, endowed with ample funds; yet, to the present day, Wickliffe's translation of the entire Bible, the noblest monument of early English literature, has never been printed; and it has been reserved for a spirited London publisher to undertake a reprint of Tyndale's New Testament, and of Coverdale's Bible, after they had been suffered to disappear and be forgotten; although, had

they lost their value in other respects, they would still have been deserving of preservation as literary treasures, interesting as exhibiting the state of the English language when settling into its present form, and supplying an important link between the labours of Wickliffe and those of the latest Translators. It is a disgrace to both Universities, that centuries should have elapsed, without its having been deemed worth while by those who have the care and management of either press, to rescue these precious monuments of our earlier literature from oblivion. With how much propriety would a reprint of the entire works of the early Reformers have been undertaken by the Curators of the Clarendon press! In them may still be found the purest well-streams of scriptural theology. But, independently of the historical and philological interest attaching to the biblical labours of Tyndale and his colleagues, their versions are still deserving of being consulted by the student of the English Scriptures; being, if not superior as a whole to the Authorised Version, much more happily executed in numerous passages; so that it is altogether a mistake to suppose that they have been superseded by the common Bibles. For the most part, there is a very close similarity between Tyndale's version and the text as left by King James's Editors, shewing that his labours were the ground-work upon which succeeding translators built; but the instances are very numerous in which the idiomatic purity and perspicuity of Tyndale's English have been sacrificed by those who came after him, in compliance with the directions of the pedant king, or in servile conformity to the Vulgate. Whenever a new Public Version of the Scriptures shall be undertaken, these neglected translations will supply an important aid in *restoring* the proper readings of many passages; while they present, in their general spirit, a model of that degree of freedom which is requisite in order to convey to the common people the true sense of the original.

Considering the neglect with which the works of Tyndale have been treated, it is not surprising that his life should still remain to be written. At least, no biographer later than Fox, the learned Martyrologist, has attempted to draw up a memorial of this extraordinary man; and Mr. Offor has shewn in his brief memoir, that there are ample materials of biographical illustration, of which hitherto no historian of those times has availed himself. To the antiquarian zeal and bibliographical researches of this gentleman we are indebted for much new and curious information; and we earnestly hope that he will be stimulated to prosecute his inquiries, agreeably to his intention announced in the Advertisement; with a view to collect such further materials as may be still extant in Flanders and Germany, for a complete memoir of Tyndale and his times, as well as for his projected bibliographical history of our religious literature anterior to the Reformation. In tracing

the outlines of Tyndale's history, we shall avail ourselves both of Mr. Offor's memoir, and of the information industriously collected by Mr. Christopher Anderson in his very instructive Tract on the English Scriptures.

William Tyndale was born, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1477*, at Hunt's Court, Nibley, Gloucestershire. His grandfather was Hugh, Baron de Tyndale, of Langley Castle, Northumberland; who, having escaped from the field of battle, when the Yorkists were overcome by the Lancastrians, sought refuge in Gloucestershire, under the assumed name of Hytchins or Hutchins, and afterwards married the heiress of Hunt's Court. This property descended to his son John, who had three sons: the eldest became an eminent London merchant; William, the second, was bred to the church; of the third it is only known, that his grand-daughter, Lydia Tyndale, married, in 1646, the celebrated quaker, John Roberts, of Siddington, near Cirencester, who, with his son, suffered severe persecution for his conscientious adherence to the religious principles of the Friends. The concealed baron had, before his death, declared his right name, and bequeathed it to his children; but the *alias* of Hutchins continued to attach to his descendants, and the Reformer is often referred to under this name.

At a very early age, William Tyndale was sent to Magdalen Hall, Oxford; 'first called Grammar Hall, from the attention paid there to classical learning.' There he continued till he had grown up to a proficiency 'in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as specially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, whereunto,' adds Fox, 'his mind was singularly addicted, inso-much that he (while living in Magdalen Hall) read greedily to certain students and fellows of Magdalen College, some parcel of divinity, instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures.' The period at which Tyndale entered upon his career, was most auspicious to the interests of learning. The fall of Constantinople, in 1453, had scattered the learned Greeks of the Eastern empire over western Europe, and some of them now began to find their way to this country. In the very college in which Tyndale afterwards received his education, Cornelius Vitellius, a learned Italian, first taught the Greek and Roman classics; and Linacre and Grocyn, so highly extolled by Erasmus, also taught within its walls. The learned Batavian, at thirty years of age, repaired to Oxford, to improve his knowledge of Greek under these professors; and writing to a friend in Italy in December 1497, he states that, for deep, accurate, true old Greek and Latin learning, he had no occasion to visit Italy. Tyndale

* Mr. Anderson says, 1500, and the error affects all his subsequent statements.

was by ten years the junior of Erasmus ; but they must have been pursuing their studies at Oxford at the same period, and could not but become known to each other. How far this acquaintance contributed to open Tyndale's mind to the new opinions of the Reformation, we can only conjecture. It is certain, that having become familiar with the writings of Erasmus and Luther, he made no secret of his sentiments ; and Mr. Anderson, we know not upon what ground, supposes that he ' soon found it unsafe to ' remain any longer ' at Oxford. It is more probable, that, having taken his degree, he removed to Cambridge to avail himself of the advantages of its theological schools ; and there, we are told, he became ' well ripened in God's word.' It was at Cambridge, according to the accounts before us, that he formed an intimate friendship, uninterrupted till death, with John Frith, a student much younger than himself, but of extraordinary attainments and fervent piety. Frith, however, if born in 1503, instead of being only three years younger than Tyndale, as Mr. Anderson supposes, was six and twenty years his junior. That they could not have been contemporaries at Cambridge, is certain ; for, the year before Frith was born, Tyndale received ordination at the conventual church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield ; and having taken the vows, he became a brother of the monastery of Greenwich in 1508. On the title-page of a small folio, printed in the year 1495, (*Sermones de Herolt,*) in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral, has been detected a memorandum in Latin, which attests this fact, and fixes the date : ' Charitably pray for the ' soul of John Tyndale, who gave this book to the monastery ' of Greenwich of the observance of the minor brothers, on the ' day that brother William, his son, made his profession in the ' year 1508.' At this time Tyndale must have been thirty years of age. Frith first became acquainted with Tyndale about 1523, or 1525, probably in London ; and through his instrumentality, according to the testimony of Fox, that accomplished scholar ' first received into his heart the seed of the gospel and ' pure godliness.' He could not then be, as Mr. Offor intimates, ' a decided reformer,' when Tyndale first became acquainted with him ; much less could they have become acquainted during Tyndale's residence at Cambridge. The following particulars, recovered by Mr. Offor's literary diligence, are extremely curious.

For some years previous to his taking the vows, Tyndale had not only read the holy oracles to his fellow students, but had commenced that work which appears to have been, throughout his life, an object of the most anxious solicitude, by translating portions of the New Testament into English. The original autograph of these translations, now in my possession, is in quarto, the margins ornamented with borders, and every portion accompanied with an appropriate drawing, in imitation of some ancient missal. In many places he has written

his initials, W. T., and on two of the ornamental pillars he has placed the date: on the capital of one is inscribed, "TIME TRIETH, 1502;" and on another, simply the date, "1502." *The version in this selection of scriptures nearly agrees with his first printed edition.* It is a striking proof of his early proficiency, his extraordinary knowledge of the Greek language, and his extreme care and indefatigable research, that many whole paragraphs agree exactly with the translation now in use. Notwithstanding his amiable temper, he had become even then an object of persecution. He has interwoven this prayer in one of his drawings, cherubs holding the scroll on which it is written: "Defend me, O Lord, from all them that hait me. W. T."

How long Tyndale remained in the monastery at Greenwich, does not appear. We next find him residing, as domestic chaplain and tutor, in the family of Sir John Welch, of Little Sodbury, in his native county. The worthy knight kept a good table, and Tyndale was consequently brought into social contact with the neighbouring prelates and clergy, with whom he had frequent disputes on the subject of the Lutheran opinions, and the reading of the New Testament. His zeal and boldness gave, as might be expected, high offence; and, as Fuller quaintly phrases it, led these visitors to 'prefer the giving up Squire Welch's good 'cheer, rather than to have the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's 'company.' We shall let Mr. Ofor narrate the circumstances which led to his quitting the neighbourhood.

'The Squire's lady, who was a sensible woman, felt hurt when she saw these great men, whom she had been brought up to venerate, overcome in religious disputation; and asked Sir William (Tyndale), whether it was likely that she could prefer his judgment to that of such wealthy prelates. To this he thought proper not to reply, lest it should excite her temper, which he saw to be ruffled. But soon after, he translated Erasmus's "Enchiridion," and dedicated the manuscript to Sir John and his lady. They read it attentively, and became convinced of the spirituality of a Christian profession; and thus Tyndale secured their high esteem and friendship. The beneficed clergy soon displayed their bitter hostility, and he was cited to appear before the ordinary. In his way thither, he spent the time in fervent prayer: the great object of his supplications was, that his heavenly Father would strengthen him, at all hazards, to stand firmly for the truth of his word. On his arrival, he found a numerous assemblage of his persecutors; but, either for fear of offending the hospitable knight, or by the secret providence of God, their mouths were shut, and nothing was laid to his charge. The ordinary, however, "rated him like a dog." The persecuted Teacher, soon after this, consulted an old doctor who had been chancellor to a bishop; he privately told him, that, in his opinion, the Pope was Anti-christ, but advised him by no means to avow any sentiment of the kind, as it would be at the peril of his life. Tyndale, however, soon proved himself incapable of concealment, for, being in company with a popish divine, he argued so conclusively in

favour of a vernacular translation of the Bible, that the divine, unable to answer him, exclaimed, "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's." This fired the spirit of Tyndale, and with holy indignation he replied: "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and, if God give me life, ere many years, the ploughboys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do:" a pledge which he amply redeemed by not only publishing the New Testament in English, adapted to the most refined society, but also in the orthography of the country people and ploughboys.

He now became so "turmoiled" in the country, that he could no longer dwell there without imminent danger both to himself and to his worthy friends: in consequence of this, he left Gloucestershire, and preached frequently at Bristol, in London, and other places, to crowded congregations. He still continued his connexion with the Romish church, endeavouring in his sermons to win souls to Christ, while he avoided persecution by refraining from hard names, and from the pointed introduction of controversial topics. In this policy, a naturally amiable temper must have greatly assisted him. His position was one of peculiar difficulty and danger, and it required great talent to guide his course.

Bent upon the prosecution of his great object, the translation of the New Testament into the mother tongue of the lay people, Tyndale came to London in the year 1523, bearing with him a letter of recommendation to Sir Harry Guilford, Comptroller of the Royal Household, through whom he sought to obtain the patronage of Toustall, bishop of London, whom Erasmus had praised exceedingly for his great learning. Sir Harry ostensibly complied with his request, and recommended Tyndale to wait upon the bishop; but, says Fox, 'God gave him to find little favour in his sight.' His Lordship said, that his establishment was full; he had more than he could well support; and he advised Tyndale 'to seek in London, where he could not lack a service.' 'And so,' says Tyndale himself, in his Preface to the Pentateuch, 'in London I abode almost a year, and marked the course of the world, and heard our praters, I would say our preachers, how they boasted themselves and their high authority; and beheld the pomp of our prelates, and how busy they were, as they yet are, to set peace and unity in the world; though it be not possible for them that walk in darkness to continue long in peace, for they cannot but either stumble or dash themselves at one thing or another that shall clean unquiet altogether. And I saw things whereof I defer to speak at this time; and understood at the last, not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England, as experience now openly declares.'

During the last six months of his stay in London, Tyndale found an asylum in the house of a wealthy alderman, Humphrey

Monmouth, who, after hearing him preach two or three sermons at St. Dunstan's in the West, inquired into his circumstances, and offered his assistance; of which, Tyndale, when disappointed of obtaining service in the Bishop's household, gladly availed himself. The worthy citizen was, a few years afterwards, sent to the Tower on suspicion of heresy, the principal charge against him being his having sheltered and assisted Tyndale. His memorial to the Lord Legate and the privy council, preserved in the Harleian Collection, while it bears testimony to Tyndale's exemplary conduct, shews that it was only gradually that he threw off the errors of the creed in which he had been educated. Monmouth, on his leaving England, paid him ten pounds to pray for the souls of his father and mother, and all Christian souls. After he had left England, Tyndale, moreover, defended the Real Presence in the Eucharist, against Barnes; but he very soon gave up both those errors. Monmouth, after suffering much inconvenience, obtained his release, and in 1535 served his shrievalty. He continued to favour and support the followers of the Reformed doctrine; and at his death, in 1537, appointed, by his will, Latimer, Barnes, and two other 'gospellers' to preach thirty sermons at the parish church (Allhallows); 'which he thought would do more good than so many masses said for the repose of his soul; and he forbade the ordinary superstitions of candles, and singing *dirige*, and ringing of bells at his funeral.'

Provided with this ten pounds, Tyndale sailed for Hamburg, a voluntary exile, in order to carry on the great work for which England at that period afforded no place of security. Thence he proceeded to Saxony, to confer with Luther and his fellow Reformers, by whom he was warmly encouraged; and it was at Wittemberg, Mr. Offor states, that, with intense application and labour, assisted by his learned friend and disciple, Frith, who, with William Roy, acted as his amanuensis, Tyndale completed his translation, and printed his first edition of the New Testament, of which the present republication is a transcript. A popular error ascribes it to the Antwerp press; and Mr. Anderson represents it as having been commenced at Cologne, and finished at Worms. This was the case with the *second* edition, in quarto, with glosses, undertaken in 1526, 7; but the positive evidence of Brovius establishes the fact, that the first edition, 1525, was printed at Wittemberg. Of this, only two copies have been discovered: one, wanting 48 out of 336 leaves, is in the library of St. Paul's: the other, from which the present edition is printed, is in the library of the Baptist College, at Bristol, and is believed to have belonged to Queen Anna Boleyn. This rare and precious volume is in the most beautiful preservation, the cuts emblazoned, and every leaf ornamented as if intended

for presentation to some royal or noble personage: the title, if it ever had one, is lost. Consequently, the title given in this edition, is copied from the edition of 1526. The size is a small 8vo.; the type, 'a neat German character, similar to that of Hans Luft, who, at Wyttenburg and at Marburg, printed 'nearly all Tyndale's works.' The history of this copy is as follows:

'This literary gem was first discovered by John Murray, one of Lord Oxford's collectors. His Lordship generously rewarded him with an annuity of twenty pounds for his life, and gave him one year's money in advance. On the decease of Lord Oxford in 1741, while the annuity was still paying, the library was bought by Mr. Osborne, who, not knowing the rarity and value of so precious a volume, sold the treasure for fifteen shillings to the celebrated collector, Mr. Ames. On his death in 1760, it was bought by John Whyte for fourteen guineas and a half: he, after keeping it exactly sixteen years, sold it to Dr. Gifford for twenty guineas. In 1784, this volume, together with the finest collection of early English Bibles in the kingdom, was left by Dr. Gifford, then one of the librarians at the British Museum, to the Baptist College at Bristol, where it has been carefully preserved.'

Of the second edition with glosses, no complete copy appears to be extant. A fragment, containing the prologue (which has been several times republished with great variations) and the first two and twenty chapters of the Gospel of Matthew, is in the possession of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller. The text exhibits a few alterations from that of the 8vo., but they are immaterial: the references and glosses are in the margin. Mr. Offor gives the following specimens of the annotations, which, just and sound as they are, have too much the appearance of anxiously guarding the sense of Scripture, and of blending mere comment with the text; by which a door is opened to comments of a less unexceptionable character. Mr. Offor has very properly preserved the exact orthography, to which, however, we need not adhere in our extract.

'Matt. v. *Salt*.—When the preachers ceased to preach God's word, then must they needs be oppressed and trodden under foot with men's traditions.

'Matt. vi. *Reward them openly*.—Ye shall not think, that our deeds deserve any thing of God as a labourer deserveth his hire. For all good things come of the bounteousness, liberality, mercy, promises, and truth of God by the deserving of Christ's blood only.....

'—— *Single*.—The eye is single when a man, in all his deeds, looketh but on the will of God, and looketh not for laud, honour, or any other reward in this world. Neither ascribeth heaven or a higher room in heaven unto his deeds; but accepteth heaven as a thing pur-

chased by the blood of Christ, and worketh freely for love's sake only.'

One reason for undertaking this second edition at Cologne, and probably the main one, appears to have been, for the greater convenience of forwarding copies to England. Cochläus, one of the most active enemies of the Reformation, in his Memoir of Luther, gives an account of his discovering what was going forward at Cologne, and obtaining an injunction from the senate to forbid the printer to proceed. The work had already advanced as far as signature κ. 'The two English heretics,' he states, 'taking with them the printed sheets, escaped and sailed up the Rhine to Worms, where the people were immoderately in favour of Luther, that they might there finish their undertaking.' The work was naturally enough described to Cochläus as 'Luther's New Testament translated into English;' just as Coverdale's Bible was represented, even on the title-page, to have 'been made from the Douche and Latin into English.' Not only was Luther ignorantly supposed to be the *author* of the New Testament; but some of the monks asserted, that the heretical Lutherans had invented two *new languages*, which they called Hebrew and Greek. Every translation was therefore called Luther's New Testament; but it is quite absurd to suppose that Tyndale, a profound Greek scholar, and of course imperfectly acquainted with the vernacular Saxon, would make his translation from the German of Luther. The Rev. Mr. Walter, in his Second Letter to the Bp. of Peterborough, has placed beyond all reasonable question, by the results of a comparison of Tyndale's text with Luther's, that they were independent translations; although it is reasonable to suppose that, on any difficult or controverted passage, Tyndale would consult the German Reformers. But the Monk of Greenwich had shewn his singular proficiency as a Biblical translator three and twenty years before his visit to Germany; and no evidence, therefore, can be required to substantiate his own representation, that he used, in his version, the Greek original. In his preface to one of his most valuable compositions, "The Obedience of a Christian Man", he shews at considerable length, the necessity of a free circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue of every country; and he thus speaks of the original languages: 'The Greek tongue agreeth more with the English than with the Latin; and the Hebrew tongue agreeth a thousand times more with the English than with the Latin.'

No sooner did Tyndale's New Testament make its appearance, than the most extraordinary efforts were made to suppress and destroy it. On the 23d of October, 1526, Bishop Tunstall issued an injunction against it in the following terms.

"Wherefore we, understanding by the report of divers credible

persons, and also by the evident appearance of the matter, that many children of iniquitie, mayntayners of Luther's sect, blinded through extreame wickedness, wandering from the way of truth and the catho-like fayth, craftily have translated the New Testament into our English tongue, intermeddling therewith many heretical articles and erroneous opinions, pernicious and offensive, seducing the simple people, attempting by their wicked and perverse interpretations to prophanate the majestie of the Scripture, which hitherto have remained undefiled, and craftily to abuse the holy word of God, and the true sense of the same. Of the which translation there are many books imprinted, some with glosses, and some without, containing in the English tongue that pestiferous and most pernicious poyson dispersed throughout all our diocesse of London in great number, which truely without it be speedily forsene, without doubt will contaminate and infect the flocke committed unto us with most deadly poison and heresie, to the grievous perill and danger of the soules committed to our charge, and the offence of God's divine majestie. Wherefore we command that within thirtie days under pain of excommunication and incurring the suspicion of heresie, they do bring in and really deliver unto our Vicar-generall all and singular such books as containe the translation of the New Testament in the English tongue."

Not content with issuing this infernal edict, the Bishop employed a London merchant named Packington, who traded to Antwerp, to buy up all the copies of the English Testament, that he might burn them all at Paul's Cross. 'But,' says an old Chronicler (Hall), in narrating the circumstance, 'when the Bishop thought he had God by the toe, indeed he had, as he afterward thought, the devil by his fist.' Packington was a secret friend of Tyndale's, who sold him all the copies on hand; saying, 'I shall get money of him for these books, to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out upon the burning of God's word. And the overplus of the money that shall remain to me, shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same.' And so, adds Hall, 'forward went the bargain: the bishop had the books, Packington the thanks, and Tyndale had the money.' The destruction of the books took place in Cheapside, 'to the great surprise and grief of the people in general,' in May 1528. But by the next year, new editions were poured into England; and notwithstanding that all who imported or purchased them were prosecuted with severity, the demand increased, and three large editions were distributed before 1530. Several pirated editions were got up by the Dutch printers, particularly at Antwerp, without Tyndale's knowledge, the object being profit only: a striking proof of the extraordinary demand which had been created. Among others, John Raymond, a Dutchman, suffered severe punishment for causing 1500 of Tyndale's New Testament to be printed at Antwerp, and for bringing 500 to England.

The price at which they were usually sold, was thirteen pence for the small editions, and half a crown for the edition with the glosses; a considerable sum in those days. Mr. Offor has collected a number of instances of the heavy fines and more barbarous penalties imposed upon persons convicted of having these books in their possession. Among others, John Tyndale, the brother of the Translator, and another London merchant named Patmore, were condemned by the Star Chamber to undergo the following sentence: 'That each of them should be set upon a horse, and their faces to the horse's tail, and to have papers upon their heads, and upon their gowns or cloaks to be tacked or pinned with the said New Testaments and other books; and at the Standard in Cheapside be made a great fire, whereinto every of them should throw their said books; and further to abide such fines to be paid to the king as should be assessed upon them.' The fine, according to Fox, was to a ruinous amount. A poor old labourer named Harding, expiated his crime in reading the English Scriptures, at the stake. Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor, eagerly joined with Tostall and Wolsey in these persecutions; and in a "Dialogue" published in 1529, he bitterly attacked Tyndale's version. Mr. Offor has given some curious specimens of the coarse virulence with which More carried on the controversy. The cardinal heresy which he charges upon Tyndale is, that 'he would make the people believe that we should believe nothing but plain scripture, in which point he teacheth a plain, pestilent heresy.' 'The word of God *unwritten*,' More contends, 'is of as great authority, as certain, and as sure, as is his word written in the scripture; which point is so fast and sure, pitched upon the rock, our Saviour Christ himself, that neither Luther, Tyndale, nor Huskyn, nor all the hell-hounds that the devil hath in his kennel, never hitherto could, nor, while God liveth in heaven, and the devil lieth in hell, never hereafter shall (bark they, bawl they never so fast,) be able to wrest it out.' 'Our Saviour,' he elsewhere asserts, 'will say to Tyndale: Thou art accursed, Tyndale, the son of the devil; for neither flesh nor blood hath taught thee these heresies, but thy own father, the devil that is in hell.' The man who could assail his opponent with such language, would want only the power and opportunity to become his murderer. More's cruelty flames out in another passage with sulphurous fury. 'There should have been more burned by a great many than there have been within this seven year last passed.' He defended the burning of Tyndale's New Testament, as being full of errors; yet, when he comes to specify his objections, they consist of the most petty and contemptible verbal criticisms: 'The priests of Christ's church, he (Tyndale) calleth seniors; church he calleth congregation; and charity

'he calleth alway love.' More also objects, that 'confession he 'translateth into knowledge, penance into repentance.' The term '*senior*' was taken from the Latin vulgate: Tyndale acknowledged, that he should prefer the word *elder*, which was still less palatable to the Papists. '*Church*' was at that time, in common acceptation, understood of the clergy only; and Tyndale's use of the term congregation is fully justified, not only by the sense of the original, but by the XIXth Article. 'Love' is a word which we are not surprised at finding offensive to Tyndale's persecutors. It is found, as the proper rendering of *ἀγάπη*, in English Bibles printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the substitution of the vague and ambiguous term *charity*, preferred for its very ambiguity, is one of the numerous misimprovements which were introduced by King James's Translators. Such were the grounds upon which Lord Chancellor More, as keeper of the royal conscience, declared, 'that the King would lose his own soul, 'if he suffered Tyndale's Testament in his people's hands.'

Having completed his New Testament, Tyndale proceeded to translate the Hebrew Scriptures; and in 1529, having finished the Pentateuch, he commenced the publication of it in separate tracts, accompanied with notes, which gave great offence to the clergy, and ornamented with wood-cuts. When the manuscript of Deuteronomy was ready for the press, he embarked for Ham-
burgh, in order to get it printed in that city; but the vessel was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, and Tyndale lost all his books and papers. Had he been wrecked on the English coast, he would have escaped the sea, only to perish at the stake. Undaunted, Tyndale proceeded to Ham-
burgh, where he was joined by Coverdale, and with his assistance, he again translated the book of Deuteronomy. This is the only portion of the Scriptures, Mr. Offor states, in translating which these two eminent men laboured together. The liberality of a pious lady, Mrs. Van Emmerson, afforded him the means of getting it printed in the following year. During Tyndale's stay at Ham-
burgh, that dreadful and mysterious pestilence, the sweating sickness, swept away thousands of the inhabitants; but the same hand which had rescued him from shipwreck, shielded him against the fatal infection.

After conducting this portion of his work through the press, he again shifted his residence; and in 1530, for the first time, Mr. Offor thinks, established himself at Antwerp. Aware of the designs of his enemies, more especially of the determination of the English despot to effect his destruction, the saintly exile appears to have deemed it unsafe to continue long in the same place. Accordingly, we find one of Henry's emissaries, employed to entrap him, addressing three sundry letters to him at Frankfort, Ham-
burgh, and Marlborough (Marpurg). At Antwerp, however, having accepted the appointment of chaplain to the company of

English merchants, he might consider himself as in comparative security, although his abode was for some time carefully concealed. Here he chiefly resided from the latter end of 1530 till 1534, when he fell into the hands of his sanguinary persecutors. In November 1534, he finished at press, a revised edition of his New Testament, taking advantage of both the friendly and the hostile criticisms which had been passed upon his labours, to introduce some verbal corrections and improvements. Of these new readings, Mr. Offor has given some specimens, very few of which affect the sense*. During his residence at Antwerp, Tyndale was also laboriously occupied in carrying on his translation of the Old Testament, as well as in vindicating by his pen the cause and doctrines of the Reformation against the slanderous assaults of Sir Thomas More. His "Practice of Prelates," in which he boldly opposed the divorce of Henry from his faithful Queen Katharine, was printed at Marpurg in 1530, and must have tended, still more than his alleged heresies, to exasperate that accomplished but ferocious despot.

The thunders of the Vatican had been launched against Tyndale, as one of the abhorred sect of Luther, as early as 1520. To a bull issued in that year is appended a list of heretics, beginning with Luther and his colleagues, and ending with three names linked together with a note on the right hand, *Angli*, and on the left, '*Ordines fr. m. minor. de obsuâcia de Grenewyche.*' These illustrious English names are: 'Willmus Tyndall, Willmus 'Roy apostata, Ricus Brightwell.' This bull, Mr. Offor states, is preserved in the records of Bishop Tonstall; in which also is found a proclamation of Henry VIII., issued in 1529, declaring the royal determination to execute with rigour all the laws against heretics, and enumerating about ninety Latin, and eighteen English prohibited books: Tyndale's New Testament is the first mentioned of the latter, followed by eleven others of his works. In the May following (1530), another remarkable decree was issued by the King in council, assisted by a convocation of the clergy, directed especially against the writings of Tyndale, which are declared to swarm with heresies and detestable opinions. The document occupies eight skins of parchment, closely written on both sides, every alleged heresy extracted from his writings being

* One of the most remarkable variations is the new rendering of Gal. i. 10., which stands in the first translation: "Seek (I) now the favour of men or of God?" In that of 1534, we read: "Preach I man's doctrine or God's?" This agrees in sense with Calvin's rendering: "*Nunc enim suadeone secundum homines an secundum Deum?*" The text is confessedly of ambiguous import, but Tyndale's rendering deserves attention.

engrossed at length on the deed. Among these heresies are the following: that 'Faith only doth justify us;' that 'Purgatory is of the Pope's invention;' that 'the water of the font hath no more virtue in it than the water of a river;' that 'the Gospel is written for all persons, estates, dukes, princes, pope, emperor;' that 'all things necessary are declared in the New Testament;' and, that 'the New Testament of Christ will not suffer any law of compulsion, but only of counsel and exhortation.' All these Scriptural and noble sentiments are declared to be detestable and damnable heresies! Among the names appended to the decree, as members of the council, Mr. Oflor states, is that of one who afterwards suffered martyrdom in defence of the truths which he here condemned. 'Hugh Latimer then consented to the destruction of Tyndale, as Saul did to the martyrdom of Stephen.' Sir Thomas More was the principal actor in this proceeding. In June 1530, the King issued another proclamation, enforcing this decree against Tyndale's writings, and commanding his subjects to deliver up all such books within fifteen days; all who refused to do so, or who were *suspected* of keeping them, being threatened with exemplary punishment. This proclamation declares it to be not expedient that the people should have the Scriptures in English, and decrees that they are books of heresy: it also extends the prohibition to the same books in German and French. Such were the impotent efforts made by the English Herod, with his courtiers and prelates, to exclude the light of the Reformation from these realms, and to suppress the Gospel of Christ. The Star in the East had been seen by the wise men of Greenwich; and at the tidings, the King was troubled, and all the chief priests and scribes with him, as knowing that it betokened no good to either Church or State. And unable to extinguish the light, they sent forth and slew the servants of Christ, as they would, if born in other days, have joined in crucifying their Master.

Among the State papers has been preserved part of a letter from one of Henry's emissaries, giving an ingenuous and affecting account of an interview which he had unexpectedly obtained with the persecuted Exile, and relating what passed between them. The date is wanting, but the interview must have been subsequent to the publication of the "Practice of Prelates" in 1530, and previous to the communication made to his Majesty by Sir S. Vaughan, in May 1531, in which the Envoy, evidently referring to a former attempt, says: 'I have *again* been in hand to persuade Tyndale.' Mr. Oflor has inserted exact transcripts of both these highly interesting documents, in the orthography of the original, as well as the reply to Vaughan's letters, drawn up by the Secretary of State (Cromwell), and *corrected* by his royal master. In this latter very curious autograph, preserved in the British

Museum, the interlineations shew how deep and personal an interest Henry took in the affair, and how ill pleased he was with those expressions in Vaughan's letter which indicated a favourable opinion of Tyndale. Nothing can be more strikingly characteristic at once of the King's penetration and of his haughty, callous, and implacable spirit. The representations communicated by his Envoy, which had not merely failed to waken his better feelings, but had roused his ire against the transmitter of them, were such as could not have failed to touch a mind of any genuine magnanimity. In the first letter, Tyndale's reported language is, indeed, that of humble remonstrance.

'Sir, said he, I am informed that the King's Grace taketh great displeasure with me for putting forth of certain books which I lately made in these parts, but specially for the book named, *The Practice of Prelates*; whereof I have no little marvel, considering that in it I did but warn His Grace of the subtle demeanour of the clergy of his realm towards His person, and of the shameful abusions by them practised, not a little threatening the displeasure of His Grace and weal of his realm. In which doing, I showed and declared the heart of a true subject which sought the safeguard of his Royal Person and weal of his commons, to the intent that his Grace, thereof warned, might in due time prepare his remedies against the subtle disease*. If for my pains therein taken, if for my poverty, if for mine exile out of my natural country, and being absent from my friends; if for my hunger, my thirst, my cold, the great danger wherewith I am everywhere compassed; and finally, if for innumerable other hard and sharp sicknesses which I endure, not yet feeling their asperity by reason I hoped with my labour to do honour to God, true service to my prince, and pleasure to his commons;—how is it that His Grace, this considering, may either by himself think, or by the persuasions of other be brought to think, that in this doing I should not shew a pure mind, a true and incorrupt zeal and affection to His Grace? Was there in me any such mind when I warned his Grace to beware of his Cardinal†, whose iniquity he shortly after approved according to my writing? Doth this deserve hatred? Again, may His Grace, being a Christian prince, be so unkind to God, which hath commanded his word to be spread throughout the world, to give more faith to the wicked persuasions of men, which, presuming above God's wisdom, and contrary to that which Christ expressly commandeth in his Testament, dare say, that it is not lawful for the people to have the same in a tongue that they understand, because the purity thereof should open men's eyes to see their wickedness. Is there more danger in the King's subjects than in the subjects of all other princes, which, in every of their tongues, have the same under privilege of their sufferance? As I now am, very death were more pleasant to me than life, considering man's nature to be such as can bear no truth.'

* Printed, dreams; but this must be an error.

† Wolsey's fall and death took place in 1530.

In the subsequent interview with Vaughan, the spirit of Tyndale shines forth in all its heroic elevation of self-devoted piety.

‘I assure you, said he, if it would stand with the King’s most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the Emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, *be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his majesty*, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same ; but immediately to repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, *offering my body to suffer what pain or tortures, yea, what death his Grace will, so that this be obtained*. And till that time I will abide the aspect of all chances whatsoever shall come, and endure my life in as many pains as it is able to bear and suffer.’

Out of the apostolic writings, we know of nothing rising higher in moral sublimity than this noble declaration. ‘The Envoy’s comment is: ‘I have some good hope in the man.’ Henry knew that there was no hope of either bending or beguiling him; and he directs his secretary to write to Vaughan: ‘His Highness hath commanded me to advertize you that his pleasure is, that ye should desist and leave any further to persuade or tempt the said Tyndale to come into this realm; alleging that he, perceiving the malicious, perverse, uncharitable mind and judgment of the said Tyndale, is in manner without hope of reconciliation in him, and is very joyous to have his realm destitute of such a person.’ The mortified pride of the haughty and baffled monarch is betrayed in this message, which was designed, probably, to throw Tyndale off his guard, while the toils were being laid for his apprehension and destruction. The manner in which the base plot was at length executed, we shall let Mr. Olfen narrate.

‘Tyndale now lodged in the English house or factory, which was kept by a merchant, Thomas Pointz. Henry VIII. and his council suborned and employed one Henry Phillips, the son of a custom-house officer at Poole, of gentlemanly appearance, who, with a valet, came to Antwerp: having made acquaintance with some of the merchants, he met Tyndale, and he, without suspicion, placed a fatal confidence in him, and invited him to his apartments. Pointz, having some suspicion, asked Tyndale how they became acquainted; to which he replied, that he was an honest man and handsomely learned; and Pointz, finding that he had made so favourable an impression on his learned friend, desisted from further inquiry. Phillips, after having for some time dined at his table and partaken of his hospitality, went to Brussels, and with great pains and expense obtained a warrant to apprehend Tyndale for heresy. To execute it, he brought back with him the procurer-general and his officials, not daring to trust the officers of Antwerp, where his victim was so much beloved. Having detained

these persons at Antwerp until Pointz had left that city on business, he then called at the house of Pointz, and Tyndale invited him to go and dine with him at the house of one of his friends, assuring him of a hearty welcome. The villain then, under a pretence of having lost his purse, borrowed of his unsuspecting victim all his money. In passing through the narrow entry of the hotel, Phillips, with apparent courtesy, insisted on Tyndale going first; and, as his victim was much shorter than himself, when they came to the door, he pointed down on Tyndale; immediately the officers whom he had placed there, seized him together with all his books and papers. He was in this penniless condition conveyed to the prison at Vilvoord, a village at the ford between Brussels and Malines, on the road to Antwerp. If ever there was seen the perfection of unprincipled villany, to the utter disgrace of human nature, it was in this diabolical agent to the Roman Catholic party in England—Phillips.

Every effort which the most affectionate regard and veneration for Tyndale could prompt, was made by Pointz and the British merchants at Antwerp, to obtain the liberation of their beloved pastor; but it was in vain. Letters were immediately despatched to Lord Cromwell and others in England; and favourable answers having arrived, Pointz, at the request of the body of English merchants, went with the communications to the Lord of Barowe, following him post to Maestricht, that he might deliver them in person, and with great difficulty he obtained his answer. With this he hastened to Brussels. The imperial council gave him a letter to Lord Cromwell, and Pointz undertook to carry it in person to London with all possible speed. Here he was detained for a month, but, by perseverance and interest, he obtained favourable letters, with which he went direct to Brussels. His zeal for the pious preacher nearly cost him his life; for Phillips, finding that these powerful efforts were likely to succeed, managed, by the aid of the Roman Catholic priests at Louvain, to have Pointz arrested on suspicion of heresy, and committed to prison. Within one week he was examined upon more than a hundred articles. He was prohibited from intercourse with his friends, unless his letters were written in the Dutch language, and sent through the medium of his persecutors. Finding that his life was in imminent danger, he broke out of his prison by night, and made his escape. Still, although under such perilous circumstances, he persevered in his efforts to save the life of Tyndale.

But in vain. Tyndale's imprisonment lasted two years, during which he redeemed his pledge given to the Gloucestershire priest many years before, that the ploughboys should have the New Testament to read. In 1535, was printed a very curious edition of his version, in a provincial orthography, adapted, apparently, to the people of his native county, with heads to the chapters. In this, Mr. Offor remarks, he followed the example of Luther, who published his New Testament in three different dialects of Germany.

At length, the termination of his labours and sufferings drew

nigh. The formalities of a trial were gone through, and the English exile was condemned as a heretic in virtue of a decree passed by the Diet of Augsburg! In September 1536, he was led to a rising-ground near the prison at Vilvoord, and, being fastened to the stake, was strangled previously to the kindling of the flames which consumed his earthly remains. His last words were, 'O Lord, open the king of England's eyes.' Such were the power of his doctrine and the holy influence of his example, that during his imprisonment, it is said, he was the instrument of converting his gaoler, with his daughter and others of his family; and even the Emperor's procurator, who had officially borne part in his condemnation, bore testimony to his being a learned and godly man.

It is a remarkable instance of Divine retribution, that, during the interval which elapsed between Tyndale's treacherous apprehension and his martyrdom, Lord Chancellor More, the chief contriver of the nefarious scheme, his bitter antagonist and unrelenting persecutor, was himself brought to the scaffold, perishing at the hands of the ruthless tyrant of whose cruelties he had been the willing minister*. More's fate is said to have filled Italy and Spain with horror; and Henry was now viewed as a Phalaris, by those who had raised no voice against his former cruelties. But, if the information reached Tyndale in his dungeon, that he who had fed the stake with heretics, had himself suffered on the scaffold as a traitor, for resisting the very power which he had employed to crush others,—how must the holy Reformer have felt that his blood was already avenged! The words of the apocalyptic angel would naturally occur to him, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou judgest thus; for they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink, for they are worthy." More, put to death by Henry VIII., and Laud, abandoned to a similar fate by Charles I., present two of the most striking moral lessons

* That More was a great man, no one will question; but his death has thrown a false lustre over his character, by investing with a tragic dignity his not undeserved fate. With what shew of consistency could a man plead his conscientious scruples against the decision of 'the parliament, people, and church of England,' who had never allowed any liberty of conscience to others, but had treated their scruples as rebellion and damnable heresy. Yet even Protestant writers have spoken of More as a paragon of moral excellence. Of 'all men *nearly perfect*,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'Sir Thomas More had the clearest marks of individual character. . . . His peculiarities were yet withheld from growing into moral faults!' And he proceeds to speak of his 'unrefined benignity.' (Lardner's Cyclop., No. 21, p. 105.) If More was benignant, why is Henry to be termed execrable?

in modern history: to both was given the cup which they had mingled for the saints of God.

In the very year that Tyndale was martyred, were published seven or eight editions of the New Testament. One of them, in royal 8vo, 'probably executed at Paris,' Mr. Offor describes as a peculiarly beautiful specimen of black-letter typography. In 1538, Coverdale superintended the printing of the Great Bible at Paris. In this, he took Tyndale's version as the groundwork, making many alterations from his own translation, and some, it is supposed, at the suggestion of Cranmer and the English Reformers. Whether Tyndale translated the whole of the Old Testament, is not ascertained. Mr. Offor is inclined to believe that he did, and that Coverdale profited by his manuscripts. His own translation, finished in 1535, is totally distinct from Tyndale's, with whose it has been confounded. Coverdale's first edition appears to have been printed at Zurich: it did not find its way into England till 1536, when it appeared with a dedication to the King, in which allusion is made to Queen Jane, to whom Henry was not allied till the May of that year. About July 1537, another edition of the entire Bible, edited by John Rogers, but having the name of Thomas Matthew upon the title-page, arrived in England with the sanction of Henry VIII., whose policy had become changed, though his eyes had not been opened, nor his heart softened. Such was the amazing eagerness of the people to receive the English Scriptures, that, before the close of the year 1541, sixteen distinct editions of the whole Bible were printed, each consisting of from 1500 to 2500 copies. Some interesting biographical details respecting Frith, Coverdale, and Rogers will be found in Mr. Anderson's tract. Among the four, however, Tyndale led the way, and, for several years, without any one to assist him materially in the work of translation; while, as the spiritual father of both Frith and Rogers, he seems entitled to peculiar veneration. It is strange, nevertheless, how Coverdale has had ascribed to him the priority and pre-eminence due to Tyndale, whose version is at once superior in point of perspicuity and propriety of idiom, and in fidelity. Lewis, in his History of Translations, has done great injustice to Tyndale's memory, citing as *his* version, a passage from Coverdale's. Mr. Anderson has been at some pains to set their comparative merits in a just light; and he has given an entire passage from their respective translations, as a specimen of their different styles, which we shall lay before our readers.

‘ TYNDALE.

‘ Acts xxvi. 19—24. Wherefore, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed fyrst unto them of Damasco, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coastes of Jewry,

and to the gentyls, that they shuld repent, and turne to God, and do the ryght workes of repentaunce. For this cause the Jewes caught me in the temple, and went about to kyll me. Neverthelesse I obtained help of God, and continue unto this day witnessing both to small and to greate, saying none other thinges, than those which the prophetes and Moses dyd say shuld come, that Christ shuld suffre, and that he shuld be the fyrst that shuld ryse from death, and shuld shewe lyght unto the people, and the gentyls.

‘COVERDALE.

‘Acts xxvi. 19 – 23. Wherefore (O Kynge Agrippa) I was not faithlesse unto the heavenly vysion, but shewed it fyrste unto them at Damascou, and at Jerusalem, and in all the coastes of Jewrye, and to the Heithen, that they should do penaunce, and turn unto God, and to do righte workes of penaunce. For this cause the Jewes toke me in the temple and went about to kyll me. But thorowe the helpe of God lente unto me, I stande unto this daye, and testifie both unto small and great, and say none other thyng, then that the prophetes heve sayde, (that it shoulde come to passe) and Moses: that Chryste should suffre, and be the fyrst of the resurrection from the dead, and shew lyght unto the people and to the Heythen.’

Henry, soon relapsing into his former intolerant and impious policy, retracted, in 1542, the license he had given to read the Scriptures aloud in the churches; and in January 1543, an act was passed, rigorously suppressing all the writings of Tyndale, and limiting the reading of either Cranmer's or Coverdale's Bible to certain privileged classes. This statute is strangely entitled, ‘An Act for the advancement of True Religion and for the Abolishment of the contrary;’ and it enacts, ‘That all manner of books of the Old and New Testament, in English, being of the crafty, false, and untrue translation of Tyndale, shall be clearly and utterly abolished, extinguished, and forbidden to be kept or used.’ The punishment of disobedience was, for the first offence, a fine of £10 (equal to about £50 at the present value of money), and three months' imprisonment *for every book*, and, for the second offence, loss of all the offender's goods and perpetual imprisonment. Bibles and Testaments not of Tyndale's translation, were to have all the prologues and notes cut out; and while Chaucer's tales, Gower's love stories, songs, plays, and interludes are named in the Act with full liberty to be read by all persons, the reading of the Scripture is thus limited. Judges, noblemen, captains, and justices, are allowed to read the Bible to their families; merchants may read it in private to themselves; also, noblewomen or gentlewomen. But no woman of lower degree, no artificers or 'prentices, no journeyman or serving man of the degree of yeoman or under, no husbandman or labourer, was to be per-

mitted to read within the realm the Bible or New Testament in English, to himself or to any other, privately or openly. His Highness declares that 'by laws dreadful and penal' he will purge and cleanse his realm of all such books.

'As age crept on, Henry became peevish, restless, and wretched, and was guided by the enemies to the Bible. In July 1547, he issued a sweeping proclamation against Coverdale's Bible, Tyndale's Bible and Testament, and all the works of Coverdale, Tyndale, Barnes, Joye, Roy, and others of that persuasion. Among the works of Tyndale is specified, "The Parable and Complaynte of the Plowman unto Christ." This tract must be exceedingly rare, since it has escaped all the researches of our bibliographers. Every person who kept a copy or portion of a copy of any of these books, was to be punished as a heretic. In those trying times, when the bread of life was eaten in secret, the poor deeply felt the privation. Thus a labourer wrote in a book: "On the Invention of things, at Oxford, the year 1546, browt down to Seynbury by John Darbye, price 14*d*. When I kepe Mr. Letymer's shype I bout thys boke, when the Testament was aberagatyn, that shepherdys might not red hit: I pray God amende that blyndnes. Wryt by Robert Wyllyams, keppynge shepe vppon Seynbury Hill." The prayer of this pious shepherd was soon fulfilled.'

Henry died on the 28th of January 1547. Mr. Offor has made a mistake, therefore, as to the date of this last proclamation, which was issued, we presume, in the year preceding. A few months only elapsed, therefore, before England was delivered from the yoke of her detestable tyrant, and the English Bible was restored to the people. From this event, we may date the commencement of the Anglican Reformation, although the dawn of brighter days was too soon overclouded by the transitory restoration of Popery under Mary, and the ambiguous Protestantism of the Elizabethan reign. The very authority which appointed the Bible of a particular translation to be read in all the churches, restricted its circulation by granting a monopoly to the Universities; and it was reserved for the British and Foreign Bible Society, two hundred and sixty years after, to put the Holy Scriptures into the hands of all classes of the English people.

The present reprint of Tyndale's Testament is, as regards the typographical execution, every thing we could desire; and Mr. Offor's memoir adds not a little to its value by the documents of which he has availed himself. It may be thought, by some persons, that the revised edition of 1534 should have been preferred; and we confess that we should have been at some loss to determine between the First Translation, which on that very account possesses so peculiar an interest, in an historical and literary point of view, and that which received Tyndale's latest corrections.

The public in general, however, would, we think, prefer the former; and therefore the Publisher has determined wisely. At the same time, an acceptable service would be rendered by any one who would undertake the labour of carefully collating the two editions of 1525 and 1534, and give to the public all the material alterations, excluding those of mere orthography. Mr. Bagster announces his intention to follow this interesting republication with a reprint of the first English version of the entire Bible by Bishop Coverdale, from a copy in the library of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This spirited undertaking does honour to his enterprise and Protestant zeal; and we trust that he will obtain the encouragement and reward which he so amply deserves.

Art. II. *The Life of John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoc.* With a Selection from his Letters. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., formerly Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Jebb. In Two Volumes, 8vo. pp. viii. 992. London, 1836.

OUR review of the *Thirty Years' Correspondence* between Bishop Jebb and his friend and master, Alexander Knox, will have made our readers tolerably well acquainted with the character of the learned Prelate whose Life is here presented to us by his fond and faithful chaplain. The life of an Irish Prelate might be expected to afford interesting materials as connected with the sphere of his episcopal duties; but unfortunately, only four years after his elevation to the Episcopal Bench, Bishop Jebb was visited with a stroke of paralysis, which, though it left the faculties of his mind unscathed, broke down his active powers, and removed him permanently from his diocese. The greater part of his clerical life was spent in the unobtrusive discharge of his parochial duties, as the incumbent of a benefice in a wild part of Ireland. We have, in these volumes, therefore, the memoirs of a retired scholar, rather than of one whose career was blended with the stirring movements of the times in which he lived.

Bishop Jebb was born at Drogheda, September 27, 1775, where his grandfather, who was of an English family, had settled as a merchant early in the last century. His father pursued trade, ultimately with bad success, but was much respected and beloved for his virtues. John, his second son, was, in consequence of his father's commercial misfortunes, adopted by a widowed aunt, to whose instructions, and those of her sister, he was indebted for his early education and the first rudiments of religious knowledge. His brother Richard, who was ten years older than himself, succeeded, in 1788, to the property of his relative, Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.; and his first act, after that accession of pro-

perty, was, to take upon himself the charge of his brother's education. John was in consequence removed from Celbridge School, near Leixlip, at which he had been placed for the sake of convenience, and which afforded few advantages, to a school of a very superior description at Derry. That good and generous brother afterwards rose to be second justice of the King's Bench in Ireland; and well did he deserve the good fortune which attended him, and which he piously ascribed to the favour of Divine Providence. 'I have never known,' says Mr. Forster, 'a stronger sense of a special providence, than in the case of this distinguished layman.'

'One saying of his to myself, I shall record for the benefit of others:—"It is my full conviction, from my own actual experience, that, if a man would only habituate himself to survey the events of his past life, under this aspect, he would see the hand of Providence as distinctly marked, as the towns and countries upon a map."'

The more than fraternal affection which united the two brothers, is a very pleasing and honourable trait in the character of each. After maintaining his younger brother 'as a gentleman' in college, till the death of their father in 1796, Richard made over to him 2000*l.*, in lieu of his share of the paternal property, which was not worth 1200*l.* 'To this good brother,' writes the Bishop, 'I owe my education, my rank in society, and myself. To me and to my sisters he was a parent, when our own was sinking under infirmities, bodily and mental; almost deprived of sight; and, at times, labouring under a partial aberration of his faculties.' Biography is never more usefully employed, than in recording such exemplary displays of the unobtrusive private virtues. Of Bishop Jebb's career at college, the following account is given from the pen of a distinguished contemporary.

"He entered the Dublin University in 1791, and almost immediately became distinguished as a sound and elegant scholar. This was the golden age of the University: never was there a period in its history when science and polite literature were so ardently cultivated, and so closely united. Among his contemporaries, . . . Jebb shone not the least conspicuous: he won the honours of the University nobly, and he wore them unenvied; for his amiable temper, his kind heart, and his utter disregard of self, had endeared him to all. His success at the scholarship examination seemed to be a personal triumph by every member of the University, but himself."

When in his eighteenth year, Mr. Jebb had a very remarkable escape from a watery grave; and, in attempting to save him, his brother would also have perished, had it not been for the presence of mind of a maid-servant, who, coming to the spot at the critical moment, untied her apron, and holding one corner fast, flung the other to Mr. Richard Jebb, who had just strength

left to grasp it; and their deliverer drew them to shore. 'Mr. Jebb's gratitude to Providence was appropriately expressed, by a liberal pension for life to the instrument of their preservation.' It is a singular coincidence, that, five and twenty years after this occurrence, Judge Jebb stood to see the dead body of a nephew landed at that very spot, on the quay of Rosstrevor, while his two sons, who were in the boat with their cousin, were preserved, being then at about the same ages as their father and uncle at the time of their remarkable escape. And to add to the romantic character of this melancholy domestic record, the nephew who perished had, five years before, been rescued by Mr. Forster from drowning, after he had sunk twice, at the same quay of Rosstrevor, and on the very spot where his uncles had all but perished, and where, by plunging unguardedly into deep water, he found his grave.

Various plans were suggested for Mr. Jebb's destination in life. The church, in his brother's estimation, afforded but a poor prospect; but the turn of his own mind led him strongly to 'hanker after it.' 'You will live and die a curate,' said the lawyer: this, however, did not deter him; and an overture from his early friend, Mr. Knox, which opened 'professional prospects of the fairest kind,' determined his course of life. Mr. Jebb was ordained deacon by Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, in February, 1799; and he thus describes his feelings on the occasion.

"On the day of my ordination, I had, I trust, a solemn sense of what I was doing. The ordination sermon of Mr. (afterwards Dean) Graves, affected me even to tears. Would that I had ever after undeviatingly felt as I felt during that hour! *Too many were ordained that day*: an amiable facility was a foible of the great-minded and simple-hearted Bishop Young."

We must not, however, pass over the amusing account of his visit to England in the summer vacation of 1796, and his pedestrian tour, in company with two college friends, 'the highly gifted John William Reid, and the eccentric Hugh George Macklin.'

'Appearing in the questionable shape of Irish strollers, they, not unnaturally, apprehended that the civil authorities might choose to make inquiry, at a period of general alarm about the state of Ireland, into their real character and objects. They, therefore, armed themselves, not with deadly weapons, but with certificates under the broad seal of the city of Dublin, signed by the lord mayor. These municipal vouchers, however, they never had occasion to produce, except for the amusement of their friends. Upon this tour, they carried with them all necessary changes of linen, &c., in two knapsacks; a violin, in a canvass bag, was slung, by turns, on the shoulders of him who escaped, for the day, a knapsack; a flute was in the pocket of Mr. Macklin; Mr. Reid played well on the violin; and wherever they

went, among the peasantry, the farmers, and the gentry, "the concord of sweet sounds" proved acceptable. "Never," observes Mr. Jebb, "did I experience from all classes, more genuine hospitality; and, whatever may have been the experience of others, for myself, and for my friends, with whom, on this and on other occasions, I have crossed the Irish Channel, I must say, that we ever found the hearts, the houses, and (had it been necessary) the purses, also, of Englishmen open to us. With them, performance always outgoes profession: what a man finds them *now*, unless it be his own fault, he will infallibly find them ten years hence: win them once, and you have them always."

Among other curiosities, the travellers visited the celebrated Dr. Darwin, whose "Botanic Garden" had many attractions for Mr. Jebb's youthful fancy; and retained its place, until his ripening judgment was revolted by the vicious splendour of the versification. By this singular man they were hospitably received; and found his conversation interesting, unless when tinctured by his infidelity. From his society, they brought away much exemplary warning, some useful information, and one good repartee. Dr. Darwin, it is well known, was a great stammerer: a tactless guest broadly noticed the defect, remarking, "It is a pity, Dr. Darwin, that you stutter so much." "No Sir," rejoined the doctor, (doing ample justice to his impediment as he spoke,) "I consider it an advantage: it teaches me to *think*, before I *speak*."

The concluding anecdote of this tour, a practical comment on his eulogy of the hospitality of England, deserves to be recorded in Bishop Jebb's own words. . . . "One little anecdote I cannot suppress. We crossed over from Portsmouth, to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In the evening, we went to Newport in a stage coach, with another and unknown gentleman for our companion. There we passed a few hours together; and the next morning, after breakfasting at the same table, proceeded to Yarmouth; we on foot, and our new acquaintance on horseback. There, after an early dinner, we were to part, and we parted with mutual regret; but not till our companion earnestly requested that we would favor him with our company, at his house in Berkshire, for a fortnight; where he would try to make the country as agreeable to us as he could. I expressed the regret of our trio, that we could not avail ourselves of his great kindness; being limited in point of time. Our friend (for such he proved himself) blushed, hesitated, and at length with difficulty faltered out, . . . 'Gentlemen, I beg pardon . . . I am about to take a great liberty . . . but, perhaps, there may be some other limitation.' And then, drawing forth a large and well-filled pocket-book, . . . 'May I intreat,' said he, 'that you will indulge me, by accepting any sum for which you may have occasion: you can pay it at your leisure, on your return to Ireland.' . . . I, being the purse-bearer, was able to escape his kind solicitations, only by giving ocular demonstration, that we had sufficient resources: and we parted, never, in this world, to meet again. His name was ALEXANDER VINER, a dealer in hops, resident near Hungerford, Berks."

Mr. Jebb's first appointment was to the curacy of Swanlibar;

then a place of fashionable resort for its medicinal waters. His duties here were arduous ; and the first seeds of that ill health which eventually broke down his constitution, are supposed by his Biographer to have been sown by the colds repeatedly caught while discharging his parochial functions in this place. His own retrospective strictures on this period of his clerical course, are instructive.

“ All this while, and I would it were restricted to this time, I was far from the true character of the minister of Christ. My religion, I verily believe, was sincere as far as it went. But it was defective in depth and in extent. And, even according to my own inadequate views, though sincere, I was not consistent. I had not the least conscientious scruple against playing cards, frequenting balls, and joining in scenes both of morning and evening dissipation.”

Between his leaving Swanlibar, and entering upon the curacy of Magorban near Cashel, under the fostering wing of his friend and patron, Archbishop Brodrick, in 1804, a very decided change took place in his character, upon which he makes the following reflections :

“ From what I have already said, a change in my views and habits was essential to my progress as a Christian and as a minister. But, had this change taken place while I remained in the diocese of Kilmore, it could scarcely fail to be remarked by my associates ; it must, in all likelihood, have drawn down upon me the name of methodist, or enthusiast ; and such a name must have impeded me in my particular walk of usefulness : nor is it improbable, that it might, ultimately, have thrown me into the hands, in pure self-defence, of persons sectarian in their views ; and so have made me what I was called. On the other hand, had this change taken place *after* my removal to Cashel, it must have been attended with all the above disadvantages ; and with this, in addition, that, by not showing, at Cashel, *qualis ab incepto*, I might have failed of whatever beneficial influence attaches to steadiness of character ; and might, in many respects, have embarrassed, rather than assisted, the good Archbishop. How advantageous, then, the year of interval. In this period, I gradually, naturally, and by the joint influence of conversation, reading, and solitary thought, threw off many of my old views and habits. Inch by inch I fought my ground : but, in a few months, I gave up dancing, card-playing, and the theatre ; not, I humbly conceive, on narrow sectarian grounds, but on solid, rational, and even philosophical principles. As I said, I fought my way ; I yielded only to ratiocinative and moral conviction ; and whatever inconsistencies, incongruities, and aberrations there were in other respects, (may God, of his great mercy, forgive them !) in these palpable, and, as I am deeply satisfied, most important matters, there was not, from January 1804, any wavering. There may have been progress afterwards, (that it has been small, and, in many particulars, scarcely, if at all, perceptible, I am deeply humbled to reflect,) but there was no marked visible change : the testimony of my private con-

versation, my public teaching, and my observable habits, has been uniformly consistent; and I hope I have, however imperfectly, yet sincerely and honestly sought, in these things, the glory of my heavenly master."

No further explanation is given by the Bishop, of the immediate instrumentality which produced this change; but, towards the close of the narrative, we meet with the following interesting passage:—

'Mr. Wilberforce he regarded, if possible, with still deeper veneration (than Mrs. H. More). Nor have I ever known him to experience higher enjoyment, than when, in the winter of 1829, he passed some days at Highwood Hill, Middlesex, under the roof, and in the free converse, of that illustrious friend and benefactor of his kind. But, while aware of his feelings towards him, it was not until death had separated between them, that I fully understood the nature and amount of the Bishop's obligations; then it was that, for the first and only time, he mentioned to me, that to Mr. Wilberforce, and the perusal of his *View of Christianity*, he owed his *first* personal impression of experimental religion.'

During the whole of Mr. Jebb's stay at Cashel, (1804—1810,) 'the house, the intimacy, and the family of the Archbishop, afforded him much enjoyment.' His intercourse with Mr. Knox was kept up by frequent correspondence, as well as by periodical visits to Dublin. About Christmas 1807, some conversations with this erudite friend first directed his attention to the *parallelisms* of the New Testament; and the investigations thus suggested, pursued at distant intervals, were at length given to the public, in his "*Sacred Literature*," in the spring of 1820.

In June 1810, Mr. Jebb was presented to the rectory of Abington, in the county of Limerick, where he resided for more than twelve years. The concluding sentence of the autobiographical notes which the Bishop left behind him, and which break off at this period, contains his reflections upon this change of situation.

"I left Cashel in deep sorrow. And for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness. But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so remote, so retired, and apparently so ill-adapted to my habits, became the scene of my best, and happiest exertions: nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted, that I was buried in the desert; but they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert,

and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourning there; and, were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me, and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am about to enter:—may it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington!"

It speaks strongly in proof of Mr. Jebb's amiable character, and the benign influence of his manners upon the Catholic peasantry, that, at a time when the county of Tipperary was in open insurrection, and the adjoining county of Limerick was on the eve of being also placed under the restrictions of the Insurrection Act, the parish of Abington, which had formerly been a very troublesome district, remained in a state of perfect quiet. In a letter to a relative, dated August 20, 1815, Mr. Jebb writes:—

'You will be glad to know, that I found this neighbourhood in perfect tranquillity and peace. No manner of disturbance has occurred here since I left home; and I am in hopes matters may so remain. We can leave the doors unguarded, and move freely, at all hours; and I am told, from good authority, that, individually, I am very popular among the inhabitants; more so than would have been imagined till my long absence called forth their feelings.'

Up to this period, his parish, peopled almost entirely by Roman Catholics, had afforded little scope for pastoral labour; but, towards the close of 1816, an event of peculiar interest occurred, which may be considered as having put his popularity to a severe test. A gentleman of an old Roman Catholic family, 'connected both with the hierarchy and the aristocracy of that communion,' but who had imbibed from early youth infidel principles, became converted at once from infidelity and from Romanism, by the perusal of a volume of Mr. Jebb's sermons, presented to his lady, who was one of the author's parishioners. In his last illness, although the Roman priests were attending him, he expressed an ardent desire to see Mr. Jebb; and the result of the interview was his determination to die in the faith and communion of the Protestant Church. The particulars are highly interesting; and it is remarkable that

'The happy result on this occasion of Mr. Jebb's ministerial labours, did not produce the least unpleasant feeling on the part of the Roman Catholic population, nor the slightest abatement of kindness and good-will on that of the Roman Catholic priesthood; although, to the latter especially, the whole case and circumstances were necessarily very trying. On the contrary, it seemed to be the universal feeling, that all was fair and above-board; and the peasantry of the neighbourhood openly expressed their honest pleasure at seeing the clergymen of the parish do their duty.'

The ground-work of Mr. Jebb's popularity was laid in the unaffected kindness and confidence with which he uniformly treated the peasantry. In this respect, he appears to have set an admirable example to his clerical brethren; and we must transcribe the account which is given of his deportment towards his parishioners.

'In his correspondence with Mr. Knox, about this date, he thus describes the manner of that intercourse: "In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences: it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are, mutually, on the best possible terms; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting, to keep things as they are: it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid; and to let it be seen that, in the concessions which humanity, and, during the depreciation of agricultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient."

'While acting on the principles, and in the spirit, here expressed, his every act of kindness, whether in the shape of pecuniary remission, or of pecuniary aid, was peculiarly felt and valued for this further cause,—that he who showed himself thus liberal of his substance, was, at least, equally unsparing of his personal trouble. Whenever applied to, he was found alway ready to hear the case of the applicants; to advise them for the best; to draw up their petitions; to write letters to the proper quarters, in behalf of the widows, or children, or next of kin, of soldiers, or sailors, connected with Abington, or its neighbourhood: attentions gratefully appreciated by the acute and observant peasantry; who well knew Mr. Jebb's value for his time, and his studies; and whom, in common with their countrymen, he has justly described, as more sensible to the *manner*, than to the *matter* of kindness.

'In his natural manner, when conversing, kindness was blended with authority: this, too, had its effect upon the people. Even when he addressed them most kindly, there was a certain command in his manner; which, while it rather heightened the effect of his benevolence, always kept alive the sense of respect and subordination. In his personal intercourse with the population, he had one object habitually in view, . . . to raise them above their too-prevailing habits of servility, by awakening, or endeavouring to awaken, their self-respect; by "telling them they were men;" and teaching them to look, and speak, and stand erect, as free-born human beings. Surprising as, at first sight, it may seem, it was on these occasions, that the authority of his manner became most observable. From the unhappy circumstances of the country, labouring, at once, under the crying evils of the absentee system, and under the consequent oppressions and exactions of the system of middle-men, the Irish peasantry had unhappily learnt to substitute, for the reality of respect, the outward shew of a fawning and cringing servility, in addressing their superiors. This, Mr. Jebb could not endure: his nature rose against it: . . . as they stood before him, in whatever weather, with their hats in their

hands, he would first request them to put on their hats ; observing, that he could not bear to see them remain uncovered ; if this did not succeed (as was frequently the case), he would desire them to put their hats on, or he must take his off. While, even thus, compliance was procured with difficulty, his motive became soon understood ; and the result, uniformly, was, an increased respect for him, if not for themselves.'

In a letter to Dr. Southey, on the subject of Wesleyan Methodism in Ireland, dated December 26, 1817, we find the following instructive remarks upon the sources of the national attachment to the Popish faith.

"I have not spoken of the influence of the Roman Catholic priests : this would, doubtless, be largely and vehemently exerted, to keep their flocks from the infection of methodism ; but I do not think there has been much occasion to call it into exercise. Our Roman Catholic population cling to their religion, with all its grossnesses ; they love it, as the faith of their fathers ; they would fight for it, as the religion of Irishmen ; they revere it, as what they believe to be the exclusively genuine catholic and apostolic christianity ; and, on all these grounds, I think it would be idle and extravagant to expect much accession, from the ranks of popery, to the ranks of methodism. It must be added, too, that the Irish Romanists, have, within their own system, substitutes for the most fascinating features of Wesleyan methodism. Their priests, like the itinerant methodist preachers, are drawn from their own rank of life ; the practice of oral confession corresponds to the practices observed in the class and band meetings ; and the number of religious confraternities, into which the lowest and least educated can gain admission, constitute as it were, a thorough system of methodism, within the heart of popery itself. It may now be asked, Are the poor deluded victims to be for ever outcasts, without an effort for their recovery ? I would answer, that, bad as things unquestionably are, there is still much religion among them, and that religion is progressive ; that they have a submission to the will of God, as *his* will, which I never have met, in equal vigour and producibility, among the lower classes of protestants ; that they submit with resignation to sickness, want, famine, as to visitations sent by the Almighty, instead of clamouring against them, as injuries inflicted by the misrule of man ; that their habits, though slowly, are yet certainly improving ; and that I trust they are advancing towards a preparedness for that state of things, when an improvement in the Roman Catholic priesthood, and Roman Catholic gentry, will open a door for a reformation of the body at large."

The work upon which Bishop Jebb's literary reputation chiefly rests, his "*Sacred Literature*," on its publication in 1820, met with a reception favourable far beyond the Author's moderate expectations, though not exceeding what was due to 'the only original work of Scripture criticism produced since the day of Bishop Lowth :—an encomium which reads like the severest

satire upon the Establishment whose proudest boast is the munificent bounty which she affords to scholarship. In the November of the same year, Mr. Jebb was presented, by the Archbishop of Cashel, to the archdeaconry of Emly, as a token of his Grace's approbation of his services. In 1821, an insurrection again broke out, of which the county of Limerick was the focus; and the local position of Abington rendered it peculiarly important to prevent its spreading into that hitherto peaceable district. A young man of daring spirit, under the impulse of grateful feeling for an act of kindness that had been shewn to him, waited on Archdeacon Jebb, and, apprising him of the impending troubles, offered the services of himself and his clan to avert the danger.

Archdeacon Jebb instantly saw all the prospective advantages, and cordially entered into the good spirit, of this unprecedented proposition. In the moment in which the proposal was made, his resolution was taken: when * * * * * withdrew, he immediately said, "I will see our friend Mr. Costello (the Roman Catholic parish priest of Abington), and propose to him our holding a meeting, next Sunday, after divine service, in his chapel; in order to our entering into resolutions for the preservation of the peace, in our hitherto peaceable and loyal parish." The proposition was made and met in the same spirit. The Roman Catholic pastor entered cordially into his views: and it was agreed, that, upon the following Sunday (December 16), the clergy of the two communions should meet, after morning service, in the chapel of Murroe; and the Protestant rector, and the Roman Catholic priest, should successively address the people, from the altar: "a transaction (Mr. Jebb truly observes to Mr. Knox), the like of which I suppose never occurred since the Reformation." The appointed day arrived; and we proceeded, accompanied by General Bourke, after church service, to the chapel. Having ascertained that the celebration of Mass was over, we entered; advanced, through a crowded congregation, to the altar; and Archdeacon Jebb having been presented, at the close of an impressive exhortation to his flock, by the priest, he addressed the people, from the altar, for fully half an hour. He was heard with breathless attention: some were affected to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him, as he told the men of Abington, that he lived among them without a fear; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred, . . . and that they should remain so; for that the only safeguard he sought, was IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PARISHIONERS*: that he had

* 'An extraordinary proof of the strength of this safeguard, Mr. Jebb had experienced some years previously. A man of noted character, connected with a gang of robbers, had lived within a stone's throw of Abington Glebe; after committing many distant depredations, it was at last determined on, by this robber and two of his companions, to attack the Glebe-house. Knowing the defenceless state of the house, they met, accordingly, at night, armed with blunderbusses, on the steps of the hall-door; when the wife of the leader of the gang, our

now lived among them more than ten years ; and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, a peaceable, and an affectionate people." By men, women, and even the little children, this appeal was eagerly listened to ; and the Resolutions, which he held in his hand, and which were proposed for adoption at its close, were received with a silent, but unanimous lifting-up of hands : the children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that their hands, too, might be seen. . . At this affecting sight, several persons, at the same instant, cried out, . . " The very children are lifting their hands ! " The farmers and peasantry emulously crowded to the altar-rail, to subscribe their names, or their marks, to the proposed Resolutions ; and what they then voluntarily promised, when the hour of trial came, they manfully performed. While the whole surrounding country became a scene of fire and bloodshed, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, continued (to borrow the expression of a distinguished statesman *, who paid a visit to Archdeacon Jebb immediately after their termination), " like Gideon's fleece, the only inviolate spot." Higher testimony was afterwards borne, from an humbler quarter. An eminent English barrister happened to pass through the disturbed country at the time, travelling between Waterford and Limerick. As the coach passed within sight of Abington Glebe, the coachman pointed towards the house, distant about four miles, and invited the passengers to look at it : " That house," he said, " is the residence of Archbishop Jebb ; the parish in which it stands is the only quiet district in the country ; and its quiet is entirely owing to the character and exertions of the Protestant rector."

It afterwards transpired, that some threats had been held out of a hostile visit to the parish and to the Glebe-house, on the part of the neighbouring insurgents, to punish the people of Abington for their loyalty ; upon which, ' this true-hearted people had ' voluntarily and secretly pledged themselves to each other, that ' any attempt upon Abington Glebe should be the signal for the ' parish to rise *en masse* upon the stranger assailants.' But the threatened attempt was never made. Archdeacon Jebb had shortly afterwards a gratifying opportunity of rewarding the exemplary conduct of the people. The London Committee formed for the relief of the Irish poor in consequence of the famine of 1822,

near neighbour, discovering their intention, suddenly made her appearance ; and declared, that, " if any of them raised a hand to attack Mr. Jebb's house, she would herself swear against and prosecute them, though it were her own husband." The robbers were at once panic-struck ; and retired without raising any alarm ; leaving the inmates of the house wholly unconscious of their danger and deliverance. *Tierney* (the husband, and head of the gang) afterwards fled the country : when the fact transpired.'

* " The present Right Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will, I know, permit me to number him among the friends of Bishop Jebb."

having placed £300 of the surplus fund at his disposal, he resolved to appropriate a portion of the bounty in providing work, by undertaking to lower a steep and difficult hill which obstructed the market road to Limerick. The residue (more than two-thirds) was expended, under his direction, in providing a supply of wheels and reels, to introduce among his parishioners the linen manufacture, which were gratuitously distributed among them.

Such a man deserved to be raised to the highest rank in the Establishment; and it did credit to the Government, that, in the November following, Archdeacon Jebb was appointed to the see of Limerick, vacant by the translation of Bishop Elrington to that of Ferns. His return from Dublin as bishop elect, was hailed with universal joy. He was met, on the border of his parish, by a body of the peasantry, who, taking off the horses, drew his carriage, preceded by a band of rustic music, to the Glebe; and this expression of attachment was followed by an affectionate address from his Roman Catholic parishioners, drawn up by the Roman Catholic pastor, with his signature at its head. If the Irish Church Establishment had been the means of stationing in every parish a resident ecclesiastic of the same character as the amiable Rector of Abington,—had it been to any adequate extent subservient to this important political object,—although the tithe system, which makes the Protestant clergy dependent on the immediate contributions of the Catholic peasantry, would still have been the worst possible method of supporting them, yet, the advantage accruing to the State might have seemed to counterbalance the grievance. ‘Take away the fabric of our ‘Established Church,’ says Bishop Jebb, ‘and you take away ‘the *nucleus* of our national improvement. A resident gentry ‘we have not: a substantial yeomanry we have not: a body of ‘capitalled manufacturers we have not. Humanly speaking, I do ‘not see what it is, in the least improved parts of Ireland, that we ‘have to rest upon, except the clergy. Here, it is the only sure ‘provision extant of disseminating, through all quarters of the land, ‘the wildest and most remote equally with the most cultivated ‘and peopled, an educated, enlightened, and morally influential ‘class.’ Now all this is very plausible *in theory*; but the argument overlooks one important condition, requisite in order to the beneficial working of the scheme; namely, that the clergy should be of the same religion as the people. Viewing the subject simply in its political bearings, the Established Church of Ireland ought to be the Romish. How is it possible that the clergy of an alien faith can form a link between the Government and the people? The Rector of Abington exemplified, by his prudent and conciliatory conduct, the possibility of disarming hostility, and of triumphing over bigotry. But such rare instances are not to be calculated upon, in forming, or in defending, general plans of

policy ; nor can the tendencies of a system be judged of by cases which form an exception to the general practice. Mr. Jebb was no ordinary specimen of a Protestant incumbent ; and indeed, by the evangelical portion of the established clergy, his conduct and sentiments were viewed as indicating a leaning towards Romanism scarcely compatible with Protestant orthodoxy. After his elevation to the Bench, he continued to adhere to the same policy by which he had been guided in the intercourse with his parishioners at Abington.

‘ As, in the humbler station, he had been on the best and happiest terms with the Roman Catholic priests and their flock, so, in the higher, he became on terms equally good and happy with the Roman Catholic bishop and his clergy. The venerable Bishop Toughy, while he conversed with him as a friend, honoured him as a Christian bishop, and advised with him as fellow labourers in the vineyard of their common Lord. The spirit of their ecclesiastical superior diffused itself among the Roman Catholic priesthood of Limerick. And one of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of that city, presented the gratifying sight of the Protestant bishop walking arm-in-arm with a Roman Catholic priest ; who, on taking leave, turned and bent the knee, as to his own ecclesiastical superior.’

If this conduct should be thought to reflect honour upon the amiable liberality of the Protestant prelate, it must also be admitted as a proof of equal liberality on the side of the Popish clergy. Yet, in how different an aspect may the same thing be regarded ! Were a Dissenting minister to be seen walking arm-in-arm with a Catholic priest, an outcry would be raised at the unseemly appearance of a league between the parties : but when Anglican prelates and Romish bishops are seen acting in concert, ‘ behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !’ An ecclesiastical alliance between the Churches of Rome and England, is deemed by many of the Established clergy a thing to be desired. A civil alliance between Roman Catholics and dissenting Protestants for purposes involving no religious compromise, is regarded as monstrous and horrible ! On the other hand, many persons, no doubt, will think that Bishop Jebb carried his fraternal courtesies towards the Romish clergy somewhat too far. Upon certain points, the Bishop’s theological views approximated, as our readers are aware, to the Jansenist school, the *evangelicalism* of Romanism ; but Episcopacy was, in his view, the main bond between the two Churches. In common with many good men of the High Church school, he fell into the error of mistaking mere ecclesiastical organization for the spirit and life which constitute the essence of a church. Regarding with fond veneration ‘ the goodly order of the hierarchical institution,’ the antique frame-work which encased the ancestral faith so rudely displaced at the Reformation, Bishop Jebb looked with no com-

placency upon the irregular and unaccredited movements within the Establishment, that were not, to use Mr. Knox's phrase, 'harmonical with its organization.' He even went so far as to declare himself 'more disposed to congenialize with an honest, orthodox, pious Dissenter, than with a perhaps equally honest, orthodox, and pious evangelic, who professes to love, and who thinks he supports our Establishment, whilst, in reality, he both deteriorates and undermines it.'* If his views as a high-churchman must, as we think, be deemed erroneous, yet, they were consistent; far more consistent, and far less exclusive, than those of the low-church party who, while clinging to an Establishment which frowns upon them, and acting in disregard of the authority to which they profess subjection, are at the same time displaying the bitterest sectarian animosity towards Protestants without its pale.

Yet, with all his kindly feelings towards his Roman Catholic fellow subjects, Bishop Jebb was strongly opposed to their being admitted, under any modification, to political power. In the second year of his episcopate, Bishop Jebb was summoned to Parliament as one of the representative bishops of the Irish Church; and upon the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill being brought forward by the Earl of Liverpool in the House of Lords (June 10, 1824), he delivered a speech which occupied three hours, and which Mr. Wilberforce pronounced to be 'one of the most able ever delivered in parliament.' The early part of the summer of 1825, he devoted to the visitation of his diocese; and he did not revisit England till the following year. He had suffered from occasional attacks of indisposition; but no alarming appearances had preceded the stroke of paralysis which, in April, 1827, deprived him of the use of his right hand, and rendered him for the remainder of his days an invalid. For several days previous to the stroke, Mr. Forster informs us, he had been engaged in the study of Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*, with him a favourite work; and on the evening of the attack, the work lay open upon his study-table. Under this severe affliction, his serene composure and meek resignation unequivocally bespoke the genuine character of his piety. The deepest interest in his recovery was expressed by all classes of the population. On the ensuing Sunday, prayers were publicly offered up on his behalf in the principal Roman Catholic chapel of Limerick; and the officiating priest is stated to have previously addressed his congregation in the following terms:—'I have fifteen thousand poor in my parish; let them and all of us pray, falling now upon our knees, for the good Bishop of Limerick. None before have done as *he* has done for the poor: never will they have such another benefactor.'

* See *Eclectic Rev.* 3d Series, Vol. xii., p. 99.

Deprived of the use of the hand which held his ready pen, Bishop Jebb applied himself with his usual decision, to cultivate the use of his left; and in a few months, he acquired the power of writing with facility. He was thus enabled still to employ his time in his favourite literary occupations, and in editing several volumes for the press. In May 1829, a second attack of paralysis reduced him to a state of distressing infirmity; but, happily, its effects fell almost entirely on the limbs previously affected; and with unflagging ardour, he conducted through the press a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons, and two volumes of "*Practical Theology*," his last original publication in theology. Subsequently to this, he published, under the title of "*Pastoral Instructions*," a selection from his own former publications, designed especially as a token of affectionate remembrance for the clergy of his diocese; also, in 1831, a biographical memoir of Dr. Phelan, and, in the following year, his edition of *Burnet's Lives*. Of the state of his religious feelings under the pressure of bodily weakness and suffering, Mr. Forster gives the following very pleasing account.

'In February, 1832, he observed to me, in the manner of one thinking aloud, . . . "When I think of past, and passing events, I feel not only resigned, but full of gratitude to Providence, for withdrawing me, by illness, from active life, during the last five years. It has saved me so much thankless anxiety, where it would have been impossible to do any good; and I have had great positive enjoyment in my retirement." Again, in July, 1833, a few months only before his departure, as we sat together after dinner, at East Hill, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were thus beautifully expressed, in the manner of soliloquy: . . . "Well, the more I think of it, the more I am full of wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of Providence to me. My illness, instead of a trial, has been made a source of continual delight and enjoyment. I am placed by it in this delightful situation. While I have the comfort to feel, that it is not my own doing; that all has been done for me. God has taken me into his own hands; and I have only to acquiesce in the Divine will." A few evenings after, having rung the bell to go to rest, he said, in a tone that went irresistibly to the heart, "It's a pleasant thing, Mr. Forster, to be brought to the state of a *little child*; to be *put to bed*; to see it coming on: I thank God for it!" The heavenly expression of his countenance, as he thus gave vent to "the abundance of the heart," was a living comment upon our Lord's words, "*Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.*" At an earlier period of his illness, alluding, in conversation with a friend, to his helpless state, and his consequent dependence upon others, he added, in the same resigned spirit, . . . "My illness has been no trial to me. I never loved bodily exercise; and, while my servants are good enough to think it not a trouble to carry me up and down stairs, I have every cause to be happy and thankful." Speaking one evening of *imaginary* trials, he happened to say, . . . "I have had my share of trials," . . . but, instantly

correcting himself, added, with earnest emphasis, "God forgive me for saying so! I have been most graciously dealt with. My trials have been few and slight indeed. I meant only to say, that I had had some; sufficient to give me experience of what trial is."

In November 1833, the Bishop was seized with an attack of jaundice, which no medical skill could combat; and on the 9th of December, he peacefully breathed his last, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

The second volume of the publication before us, is entirely occupied with letters. From these, many interesting passages might be selected, and some that would tempt animadversion; but we shall confine ourselves to two extracts which will serve to illustrate, better than any formal portrait, the Bishop's character. The first occurs in a letter to the Rev. J. Mc. Cormick, dated, Cashel, January, 1806.

'By education, by conviction, and by choice, I am, what I conceive to be, a thorough-paced Church-of-England man. The cant of a sect, I cordially dislike; the uncouth phraseology, I had almost said, the pious jargon, which some good people delight in, is very revolting to my taste; and were I called upon to select my favourite authors, I should, almost without exception, cull them from the shining lights of our own establishment. Still, however, I am so much attached to the eclectic philosophy, that I will not be deterred by a name, or prevented by mere injudiciousness of manner, from gleaning truth wherever I can find it. Πανταχῇ τὴν ἀληθειαν, I would wish to make my motto; and I shall never be ashamed to let Doddridge and Wesley appear, in my little library, on the same shelf with Tillotson and Burnet.' Vol. II., p. 75.

The other passage forms part of a letter to a friend, dated Abington Glebe, December 16, 1817.

'It seems to me, to be not among the least blessings of inward religion, that it congenializes and cordializes human life; bringing into familiar, intimate, and almost domestic union, those who feel alike on this one great concern. Minor differences, there may be, even in matters of scriptural truth; still more decided differences, in what may be called matters of religious œconomy; but these need not, and I trust the cases may become more numerous, where they will not, impede mutual charity. This, you will admit, is no unnatural train of thought for me to indulge in. I could expatiate upon it through pages; but to you it is altogether needless that I should. You found me almost a stranger, my friend entirely so; you took us to your own house, you made it ours, you made us feel as a part of your family; and this you did, knowing that, on several points, and some of them important ones, we differed from you, and from your friends. But you were willing to give us credit, and I trust not altogether gratuitously, for some unity of spirit. Thus received, we were truly happy in your family circle, if, in all points, we did not think alike; and thus feeling, we could hold sweet converse, without a single jarring note. Of this, I

am confident there will be more in the world ; meantime, I cannot but be grateful to a good Providence, that I have seen and enjoyed so much of it. We are all hastening to that light of Eternity, which will dissipate innumerable clouds and shadows, of ignorance, prejudice, and misconception, which have kept, and which still keep, too many good men strangers to each others' goodness. Happy is it for those, who can, in any measure, anticipate this light ; who, beginning with benevolence, can proceed with complacency, even where their companions may view some difficult and doubtful matters, with other optics than their own. This, I do not say with an atom of that indifferencism, which, in the jargon of the present day, is often nicknamed catholicity. In matters vital, I could not yield, or compromise, a single jot ; and, in matters subordinate, but which I count important, (and there are many such) on fit occasions, I would not shrink from close and manly discussion. But my creed is this, . . . that, while errors, in matters vital, must destroy complacency, they should leave benevolence uninjured ; and that, in matters subordinate, while both may require a frank and determined assertion of our principles, both benevolence and complacency ought to subsist in full vigour, . . . always provided, that, on both sides, there exists a deep conviction of, and cordial attachment to, the vitals of our holy religion.'

Ib., pp. 307—9.

Art. III. *Scripture Biography* ; comprehending all the Names mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. By Esther Copley. 8vo, pp. 632. London, 1836.

THE design of this volume, Mrs. Copley states, is, 'to present 'to the mind of the reader all the leading characters of the 'sacred history, and to point out such hints of instruction as 'they appear calculated to suggest,' as well as to impart 'a general knowledge of those individuals who occupy a less prominent 'place on the sacred page.' An alphabetical arrangement has been adopted, with a view to facility of reference ; and a chronological table exhibits the leading contemporary characters of each successive period.

As the value and interest of the work are derived wholly from the biographical articles, we do not know that the arrangement is a matter of much consequence ; but we cannot say that the plan of interspersing the biography with a meagre index of names, appears to us judicious, or that any advantage is gained by sacrificing the chronological order to the alphabetical. An Index of names, appended to the biography, would have answered all the purpose of a biographical concordance. A graver objection applies to the etymological explanations, though, in these, Mrs. Copley has, of course, been guided by authorities of established note. No authority, however, can rescue from absurdity the blundering conjectures which derive Egyptian, Persian, and Greek appellatives from Hebrew roots, very much after the

fashion of Dean Swift's mock etymologies, as Epaminondas from Ape-of-my-own days. Take for example,

'Dara. Generation, *or*, House of the Shepherd, *or* Of the Companies.

'Darius. He that inquires and informs himself.'

If these etymologies were correct, of what possible use would be the information? What should we think of treating modern names of celebrated persons in a similar way? Let us try.

'Littleton. Small town, *or* small ton measure.

'Langdale. Long valley, *or*, dale of the Lang. Lennox. Lean ox.'

These are fairly on a par with the above Hebrew etymologies of Dom Calmet. Darius is the Greek form of the Persian Dara, *or* Darab, which is a regal title. It was written with a suffix, Darawesh; from which the Hebrew form is evidently derived; and Strabo writes the original form of the word Δαριανης, *or* probably, Δαριαβης. From what word the Son of Zerah (1 Chron. ii. 6) derived his appellation, it would be as useless to know, as it is ridiculous to conjecture; but certainly neither of the three etymologies possesses the shadow of plausibility. Nothing can exceed the absurdity of many of these interpretations; and even when they approximate to truth, the reader is left in the dark as to the true meaning. For instance: 'Abimelech, Father of the King, *or*, My Father the King.' The first guess is right; but the meaning of the title, for such it is, was not to be reached by this etymological play upon words. The Father of the King is, in the East, the title of the Vizier. Atabeg has the same meaning. The King of Gerar was probably either a viceroy or a usurper, who, like the Atabegs, the Nizams, and the Peishwas of modern days, declined the regal title. We strongly recommend Mrs. Copley to weed her book, in the event of a reprint, of all these unmeaning barbarisms, which swell the bulk, without in the smallest degree adorning the pages of the volume. As a specimen of the biography, we give the following article, which we select for its convenient length.

'Jabez—Ja'-bez.

'SORROW, *or*, TROUBLE. Jabez is mentioned among those lists of names in Chronicles, which we are too apt to consider uninteresting, but which we may be sure were not put there without some design worthy of their Author. The character of Jabez is very interesting and instructive, and well rewards those who diligently, carefully, and reverently study the whole word of God, comparing one part with another, and not passing over, disregarding, *or* undervaluing any. It is not said whose son Jabez was, nor even in what age he lived. It is supposed that he was the son of Cos, *or* Kenez, and this is not im-

probable: perhaps, also, he was founder of one of the families of Aharhel. The name was given him by his mother, "because," said she, "I bare him in sorrow." What was the particular occasion of her sorrow, we do not know: whether she died in consequence of his birth, and with her parting breath thus named him—as Rachel called her child Benoni, *the son of my sorrow*; and the wife of Phinehas her's, Ichabod, *the glory is departed*—or whether she who bare him was a mourning widow; or that some other peculiar trial marked the season of his birth. But sometimes the most sorrowful beginnings lead to the most satisfactory results. Jabez, though born in sorrow, became more honourable than his brethren; for he was a man of eminent piety. He early and earnestly implored the blessing of Heaven on himself, and all his designs and undertakings; and God granted his request, and remarkably prospered him, both in spiritual and temporal affairs. Happy are they who have the God of Jabez for their friend, and who, in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make known their requests unto Him. They shall be honourable, safe, and happy, in life and in death. Jabez is mentioned 1 Chron. iv. 9—11.

'Another Jabez, or Jabesh, was father of Shallum, the fifteenth king of Israel, or Samaria. 2 Kings, xv. 10.'

We cannot refrain from adverting to the repulsive impropriety of introducing a biography of Our Lord, in the midst of the alphabetic series, under the name Jesus.

Art. IV. *The most striking Events of a Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zumalacarregui, in Navarre and the Basque Provinces.* By C. F. Henningsen. Two vols. sm. 8vo., pp. 625. London, 1836.

THESE volumes answer to one part at least of Touchstone's definition of an 'ill-roasted egg;' they are 'all on one side.' Mr. Henningsen writes, as he fought, in the spirit of a partisan; and, having taken service with Don Carlos, he thinks it necessary to adopt the 'through thick and thin' principle in vindication of his own 'untoward' choice. In strict observance of this golden rule, he assigns all virtue and all victory to his own friends; blackening in the same clumsy and indiscriminating style, all who are of the adverse part. *El Rey* is decked out in a very rainbow of bright colours: gracious, firm, high-minded, and humane; the light and ornament of his court; the idol of the 'universal 'Spanish nation;' and unopposed, save by the shopkeepers and rabble of the cities. Not content with ascribing to him all personal excellence, the Carlist historian makes his troops and generals almost every where successful, although the usual evidences and results of victory may be but obscurely apparent. Victory itself does not satisfy Mr. Henningsen; there is always a something more that would have been, but for some unlucky circum-

stance that actually occurred. The defeat of Valdes 'laid open' the road to Madrid; but, fortunately for the Queen's cause, *the want of ammunition prevented the Carlists from following up their advantage.* On the occasion of a battle between Mina and Zumalacarregui, we are told, that 'had it not been for a rivulet with steep banks that intervened, *Mina would have been taken.*' This childish propensity pervades the book. If the roads had been good, the enemy must have been destroyed;—had it not been for night and the late arrival of certain battalions, the column must have been cut off;—in this way are the casualties of war made to happen all on one side; and the very accidents of nature are compelled to form fore-grounds or back-grounds to the exhibitions of a partizan. This want of fairness in the narrative, is not redeemed by high qualities in the composition, or an extensive range in the political views; and the substantial value of the book is reducible to little more than the mere convenience of a consecutive view of Zumalacarregui's career. Of such a work we must decline the sifting; it could but supply an outline, which we lack materials to fill up; and the utmost advantage that we can venture to derive from it, will scarcely exceed the materials of a lapidary inscription.

The cause of Don Carlos had been, after the death of Ferdinand, warmly, though irresolutely, taken up and supported, by active leaders and large bodies of men; but the absence of system in plan, and of discipline in operation, rendered every movement ineffectual. Armencha, Zavala, Eraso, de la Torre, and Santos Ladron, had all failed, and the insurrection was in the lowest state of disarray, when the few half-armed soldiers who still kept the field under the orders of Ituralde, were joined by the individual who was to raise them to the numbers and the organization of an army.

Tomas Zumalacarregui, 'of a poor but noble family,' was born December 29, 1788, in the little village of Ormaistegui, in the province of Guipuscoa. He served under Mina during the war of the French invasion, but, for some reason or other, did not gain higher rank than that of captain. In the Duke of Angouleme's campaign, he held rank under Quesada, in the *ejercito de la Fe*, against the army of the Constitution. He was even then remarkable 'on account of his singular talent for organizing and disciplining bodies of men.' He was, however, considered as a decided Carlist, and his arrest by Llauder led to his resignation of his rank in the army. On the death of Ferdinand, he escaped from Pampeluna, and joined the insurgents, of whom he assumed the command; placing their actual leader, Ituralde, under arrest, but appointing him, immediately after his submission, the second in authority.

‘ He was a man at that period in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age, and of middle stature ; but, on account of the great width of his shoulders, his bull-neck, and habitual stoop, the effect of which was much increased by the *zamarra*, or fur-jacket, which he always wore, he appeared rather short than otherwise. His profile had something of the antique—the lower part of the face being formed like that of Napoleon, and the whole cast of his features bearing some resemblance to the ancient basso-relievos, which are given us as the likeness of Hannibal. His hair was dark, without being black ; his moustaches joined his whiskers ; and his dark grey eyes, overshadowed by strong eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze ; —generally they had a stern and thoughtful expression ; but when he looked about him, his glance seemed in an instant to travel over the whole line of a battalion, making in that short interval the minutest remarks. He was always abrupt and brief in his conversation, and habitually stern and severe in his manners.’

* * * * *

‘ It was seldom that he gave way to anything like mirth ; he oftenest indulged in a smile when he led his staff where the shot were falling thick and fast around them, and he fancied he detected in the countenances of some of his followers, that they thought the whistling of the bullets an unpleasant tune. To him fear seemed a thing unknown ; and although in the commencement a bold and daring conduct was necessary to gain the affections and confidence of rude partisans, he outstripped the bounds of prudence, and committed such innumerable acts of rashness, that, when he received his mortal wound, everybody said that it was only by a miracle he had escaped so long. He has been known to charge at the head of a troop of horse, or spurring in a sudden burst of passion the white charger which he rode, to rally himself the skirmishers and lead them forward. His horse had become such a mark for the enemy, that all those of a similar colour, mounted by officers of his staff, were shot in the course of three months, although his own always escaped. It is true, that on several occasions he chose his moment well, and decided more than one victory, and saved his little army in more than one retreat, by what seemed an act of hair-brained bravery. His costume was invariably the same—the *bouina*, the round national cap or berret of the provinces, of a bright scarlet colour, woven of wool to a texture resembling cloth, in the shape of that represented in the engraving, without a seam, and stretched out by a switch of willow inside ; the *zamarra*, or fur jacket, of the black skin of the Merino lamb, lined with white fur, and an edging of red velvet with gilded clasps ; grey, and latterly, red trowsers, and the flat heavy Spanish spur, with the treble horizontal rowels, originally used by the caballeros to ring on the pavement when they went lounging through the streets in their gay attire. The only ornament he ever wore was the silver tassel in his cap.’

Such a man as this was formed for the post he held, and he soon became the favourite of his followers. *El Tio Tomas—*

‘Uncle Thomas’—or more usually, *El Tio*, was the epithet preferred to his ‘Gothic name.’ He went vigorously to work in training his men, and so successful were his efforts, that he soon ventured on a bold *camisade*, which would, says Mr. Henningsen, have made him master of Vittoria, had not his troops, frightened by ‘a little trumpeter,’ fairly taken to their heels. He soon after carried off a convoy from under the walls of Pampeluna, during a temporary absence of the major part of the garrison. His first decided conflict with the Christinos appears to have taken place at Alsassua, where Quesada’s division ‘*must have been annihilated*,’ but for the opportune arrival of ‘El Pastor,’ the famous Jauregui, who made a seasonable movement in support of his friends. In the affair of Las dos Hermanas, though he was ultimately compelled to give way before the united divisions of Quesada and Lorenzo, he is said to have gained his purpose, by so defending that most rugged pass, as to inflict a severe loss upon his opponents. When Rodil adopted that system of incessant pursuit, which was so ill-adapted to the habits and circumstances of a regular army, and so well calculated to afford opportunity to the bold and rapid manœuvres of the insurgent leader, Zumalacarregui, after dodging the Christino general till his troops were exhausted, passed unexpectedly to his rear, and defeated the division of Carandolet. It was about this time that our Author joined the Carlist army, and we shall cite the description of his first interview with the general.

‘I first saw Zumalacarregui, after this affair, in some village of the Beruesa. It was almost dark when I dismounted before the door of the house where he was lodged. The sergeant of the guard attempted to disarm me before I was admitted, by taking a pair of pistols I carried in my red sash—for I had adopted the Basque costume. Not immediately understanding his motive, I resisted; some altercation ensued, when the voice of a person in the balcony above us authoritatively ordered him to let me pass. I was ushered into a room that was unoccupied, excepting by the person who came in from the balcony; in a small adjoining chamber two secretaries were writing. I was asked by this person,—whose features I could not then distinguish, but whom, if I could have seen, from his broad shoulders and habitual stoop, I should instantly have recognized, even in the darkness, as Zumalacarregui,—whom I wanted, in a manner rather stern and abrupt. I replied, that I wished to see the Carlist General. He then asked me what I came for; I answered, that it was my intention to go on to the king’s quarters, but, as I was well mounted and armed, until Zumalacarregui joined the wandering court, I would follow his army, on receiving his permission, as volunteer. I spoke to him at some length, making several complaints of different functionaries, of whom I spoke rather freely, which seemed to please him. I perceived that he immediately grew impatient at everything that did not come directly to the point:—as, during our conversation, I kept inquiring if I

could not see Zumalacarregui, at last he said, "I am Zumalacarregui," and dismissed rather more graciously than he had received me. I afterwards learned that I had made a favourable impression on him; the manner in which I spoke to him, and the circumstance of my following as a volunteer for some time after, were the surest roads to his favour. He used to say, that he always "loved best the man who trusted to his sword as a letter of introduction;" and officers who brought introductions from his friends, from the ministers, or from his wife, always saw the letters thrown aside, and were often so themselves.'

Several anecdotes which follow this description prove that the Guipuscoan chief understood the art of accommodating himself to the humour of his followers. His quarter-master-general had indulged himself at dinner while a battalion stood in a heavy rain waiting for billets. Unluckily for him, Zumalacarregui was at hand; the *llamada* was beat, and the trembling commissary ordered up in front of the troops. He expected, and so probably did the spectators, that his hour was come. In the balcony of the head quarters stood *El Tio*, and, after thoroughly frightening the culprit, finished the matter by dismissing him from his office, and consigning him to the soldiers for a good ducking. On another occasion, a subaltern had deserted, and was condemned to death. He spent the night with his confessor; the grave was dug, the troops paraded, and, when every one expected to hear the word given for the fatal volley, the sentence was mitigated to a corporal punishment. The same judicious union of firmness and accommodation was uniformly maintained; his justice was inflexible, and the private knew himself to be secure against the oppression of the officer. He was liberal to profusion, and seems to have known well how to manage the time and place of his liberalities.

The rout of the Christino general, Osma, in the plains of Vittoria, completed the calamities which the ill-advised measures of Rodil had brought upon the better cause; and Valdes succeeded to the command of an exhausted and discouraged army. The horrors of civil war have seldom found a more impressive illustration than that which is supplied by the fearful transaction now to be related in Mr. Henningsen's own words.

'Zumalacarregui had ordered quarter to be given during the day, and the march had already been beat, when those who had been foremost in the pursuit returned, bringing back, after the other six hundred had been despatched to the rear, between eighty and a hundred fresh prisoners, whom they had captured under the walls of Vittoria. These were sent under escort across the mountains. As night was coming on, the captain of the company who had charge of them, and who had only been able to assemble thirty men of his company, found himself seriously embarrassed in the narrow and rocky roads, bordered on each side by a thick brushwood. Two of his prisoners

had already made their escape, when he sent to Zumalacarregui to inform him of it, and that, as he had only thirty men to guard them, he could not answer for his prisoners. "Get cords," said the General. He was answered, that the villages had been abandoned, and that they had searched in vain for some. "Then put them to death—*passar los por armas*." With this reply the messenger returned; but immediately an aide-de-camp spurred after him to say, that care must be taken that Ituralde's division was not alarmed by the firing. The captain, who was an old Navarrese of Mina's school, on receiving this order, sent for a sergeant and fifteen lancers, and, causing his men to fix bayonets, commanded them to charge into the midst of the unfortunate wretches, who were all miserably slaughtered on the spot. The scene is said to have baffled all description; the unfortunate victims were shrieking for mercy, and clasping the knees of their destroyers and their horses: several young officers were among the slain.

In the affair of Mendaca, *El Tio* was defeated by Cordova and Lorenzo, but had his revenge a few days after, at the bridge of Arquijas. At length, Mina took the command against him, and, notwithstanding Mr. Henningsen's partial representations, that celebrated commander, though broken in constitution, and almost incapable of personal exertion, seems to have pressed harder on the Carlists, than the more systematic tacticians. Valdes a second time took the command, and his attempt on the Amescoas ended in disaster. But the whole affair had now, according to Mr. Henningsen, reached a crisis which justified Zumalacarregui in his resolution to adopt a more decided strategy, and to risk his army on a bold venture for the possession of Madrid. Corps after corps had been defeated on the Christino side; many strong places had fallen; and the constitutional generals were feebly defending the line of the Ebro. The Carlist general had resolved to march upon Vittoria, Burgos, and Madrid. This daring plan must, in Mr. H.'s view, have succeeded, and nothing prevented it but want of money. Don Carlos and his council had mismanaged matters so unfortunately that, precisely at the moment when everything depended on the command of pecuniary resources, the royal fisc was empty. *El Rey* and *El Tio* differed about the measures to be taken in this emergency: the latter contended that, poverty notwithstanding, it was expedient to strike at once for the capital: the king decided, that Bilboa must be first taken, and that the plunder and ransom of that wealthy town was to furnish the sinews of war. Zumalacarregui unwillingly gave way, and the result is of common notoriety: a wound, comparatively slight, but aggravated by unskilful treatment, deprived the Carlists of the energetic leader who had raised their cause from the lowest state of depression, given them a numerous and effective army, and awakened hopes and expectations which we sincerely hope may never be realized.

Art. V.—*The Reliquary*: by Bernard and Lucy Barton. With a Prefatory Appeal for Poetry and Poets. 12mo. pp. 181. London, 1836.

A VOLUME of poetry by a Father and Daughter; and so strong is the intellectual resemblance of the one, repeated in the other, that it will puzzle the acutest critic to determine, no clew being afforded, which of these compositions is by the one or by the other. Happy the Father who has a daughter so completely after his own heart, with whom to go partners in literary pleasures, and from whom to receive a reflected fame. As an Associate Minstrel singeth to a sister, so, Lucy Barton would doubtless be ready to address the Paternal Bard:—

‘ For the garland the Muses have wrought,
Your temples, my (sire), to entwine,
A few of the tendrils have caught,
And so they appear upon mine.’

Why she has not done so in this volume, we cannot say; but suspect that Mr. Barton’s modesty has suppressed the answer to his own stanzas ‘To my Daughter.’ Not being able to discover with any certainty which are that Daughter’s compositions, we must select as specimens of the volume, those which have best pleased us. The following stanzas have much of the pith and point of those elder bards of whom we know Mr. Barton to be an admirer.

‘ THE BIBLE.

- ‘ Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller’s way!
- ‘ Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, and chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!
- ‘ Pillar of fire—through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would overwhelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!
- ‘ Pole-star on life’s tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround;
Compass! by which our course we keep;
Our deep-sea lead—to sound!
- ‘ Riches in poverty! Our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim’s shade!
The soldier’s fortress-tower!

- ' Our shield and buckler in the fight !
Victory's triumphant palm !
Comfort in grief ! in weakness, might !
In sickness—Gilead's balm !
- ' Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality !
- ' Pure oracles of Truth Divine !
Unlike each fabled dream
Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe !
- ' WORD of THE EVER-LIVING GOD !
WILL of HIS GLORIOUS SON !
Without Thee how could earth be trod ?
Or heaven itself be won ?
- ' Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That SPIRIT which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must UNSEAL !
- ' And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple child-like hearts !'

As a further specimen of these relics, we shall give

' THE PRODIGAL SON.

- ' He kneels amid the brutish herd,
But not in dumb despair,
For passion's holiest depths are stirr'd,
And grief finds vent in prayer.
- ' Not abject, though in wretchedness,
For faith and hope supply,
In this dread hour of deep distress,
Their feelings pure and high.
- ' While thus a suppliant he kneels,
" Cast down but not destroyed,
A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels,
Than riot e'er enjoyed.
- ' " I will arise,"—his looks declare,
" And seek my Father's face ;
His servants still have bread to spare ;
Be mine a servant's place ! "
- ' And soon each penitential hope
For him shall be fulfill'd,

For him his Father's arms shall ope,
The fatted calf be kill'd.

'Oh penitence! how strong thy spell
O'er hearts by anguish riven;
Victorious over death and hell,
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,
"Repent and be forgiven!"'

Mr. Barton is so well known to our readers, that it cannot be necessary for us to pronounce any critical sentence upon his productions, which have always for their theme some amiable or devotional sentiment, and for their aim, to cherish and foster feelings and thoughts for which the heart is better. In his preface to his apology for poets, he remarks, that 'men preferring no claim to supernatural inspiration, some of whose performances the critical and the fastidious would hardly call poetry, by the artless expression of pure thoughts and devotional feelings in unpretending verse, have soothed, and comforted, and gladdened, in sorrow, in sickness, and in death, the heart of many an humble believer.' In these words, the Author evidently alludes to what has been his own aim and purpose in the worthy use of his gift; and of his success he must have, upon the whole, sufficient assurance to form his purest reward.

Art. VI. *The Baptists in America; a Narrative of the Deputation from the Baptist Union in England to the United States and Canada.* By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. J. Hoby, D.D. Post 8vo., pp. x. 516. London, 1836.

AMERICA is, in this country, a never-failing object of curiosity and inquiry. When she obtained her independence, she became indeed a new world; and ever since that period, her political, social, and moral condition has presented only a succession of novelties. On the largest conceivable scale, during the last fifty years, she has been exhibiting an experiment of civilization which, in its progress and results, has realized theories once deemed Utopian, and at the same time exploded systems which European statesmen and philosophers had been accustomed to regard as the perfection of legislature and ethical wisdom. This twofold operation of the American Revolution has excited to intensity the hopes and fears of the two great parties among ourselves. The friends and the enemies of liberal Institutions—the Whigs and the Tories—are ever turning to America, as the grand field in which their respective and distinguishing principles are continually brought under the severest practical test.

For a long time, while the issue of the conflict was doubtful, the prejudice and enmity entertained by those who dread 'organic changes' in church and state, against the new order of things, were expressed in fitful ebullitions on some particular occasion of failure or of triumph; but when the regenerating spirit took to itself form and consistency, and assumed an organization of its own, combining at once the stability of popular government with the largest portion of national happiness, Tory malignity and rage, in both hemispheres, knew no bounds; and on the promoters and admirers of what they instinctively abhor, they are ever heaping the bitterest calumnies. Their pulpits, their journals, their travelling agents, their Halls and their Trollopes are in constant requisition. Like Balaam, they are hired to curse, and like him, at last, they will be compelled to exclaim, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?"

But while we rejoice in the thought that America is turning to the light, and that she is immeasurably in advance of all other nations in having seized and applied the grand principles of legislation, based on justice and equity, we are free to acknowledge that she has yet much to acquire, something of which she ought at once to rid herself for ever, much to supply, and more to restrain. Our opinions on all that regards the United States, both in their domestic economy and foreign relations, we have from time to time recorded, and we take to ourselves some credit for candour and impartiality. We contemplate America not as our rival, but as our coadjutor in promoting all the great designs for meliorating the condition of the world, which Providence seems to have entrusted to the two countries, and to them alone; and we doubt not that, as intercourse lessens the distance between us, and as we reciprocate more unreservedly the sentiments of freedom common to us both, the blemishes which still mar our respective governments and institutions will entirely vanish; that *we* shall be prepared, by the force of public opinion, to sever the church from the state; while America will grant liberty to her captives, and the unshackled rights of citizenship to her coloured population.

The Work before us, like the Narrative of Drs. Reed and Matheson, originated in its authors' having been appointed a deputation from the associated body of Christian churches to which they belong in Great Britain, to the communities of the same order and discipline in the United States, particularly to their brethren composing the Baptist Triennial Convention, assembling at Richmond, Virginia, April 27, 1835. Their object, too, appears to have been the same, though rather more exclusive, as it was strictly denominational; with an implied understanding that, in their official character as delegates, they should 'carefully avoid' all reference to the subject of Slavery, and the degraded condition, both civil and religious, of the descendants of Africa.

As, on this latter point, much diversity of feeling and opinion exists, before entering upon the other portions of the volume, we shall briefly state the views and impressions which we have derived from the perusal of those parts of it which relate to the general subject of American slavery, and the line of conduct pursued by the deputies in relation to it.

Whatever has been published on this appalling, and, to English Christians, disgusting subject, the delegates fully confirm. Slavery, in its worst form, exists in the United States. But its great peculiarity is, that it is sanctioned by a government whose fundamental principle is the equal right of all men to life and freedom; and that Christians, of the strictest profession, and making the highest pretensions to spirituality, are slave-holders and slave-dealers, and cling with greater pertinacity to this species of property than to any other.

By what kind of argument this nefarious infraction of social right is justified, the following extracts from the proceedings of a recent meeting held at Boston will sufficiently exemplify. It was convened at Faneuil Hall, for the avowed purpose of neutralizing the influence of the abolitionists in the north, and tranquillizing the agitation of the south, on the subject of slavery.

‘It was an immense assembly, and was both intended and represented to have set the subject at rest, by passing unanimously the following resolutions:—

“Whereas it has become matter of public notoriety, that projects are entertained by individuals in the northern states of this Union, for effecting the immediate abolition of slavery in our sister states, and that associations have been formed for this end; and there is cause to believe that the numbers and influence of these persons have been greatly exaggerated by the apprehensions of many of our southern brethren, and too probably by the sinister designs of others, who discern an occasion to promote in the south, disaffection to our happy union; and in consequence of the great and increasing excitement prevailing upon this subject, it becomes our duty to attempt to calm the minds and assure the confidence of the good people of those states, by expressing the sense of this community upon these procedures. We, the citizens of Boston, here assembled, hereby make known our sentiments respecting this momentous subject, in the hope that the same may be favourably received and adopted by other communities and assemblies of our fellow-citizens, so that a public and general sentiment may be demonstrated to exist in the north, adverse to these destructive projects. We hold this truth to be indisputable, that the condition of slavery finds no advocates among our citizens—our laws do not authorize it—our principles revolt against it—our citizens will never tolerate its existence among them. But although they hold these opinions, they will not attempt to coerce their brethren in other states to conform to them. They know that slavery, with all its attendant evils, was entailed upon the south by the mother country, and so firmly

engrafted upon their social system, that the revolution, which sundered their political ties to Great Britain, had no effect whatever in loosening those which bound the slave to his master in the colonial state. This condition of things continued and existed at the adoption of the federal constitution. By that sacred compact, which constitutes the American Union one nation, the rights and jurisdiction of the southern states were recognized and confirmed by all the rest. The actual state of their social relations was the basis of that compact; and we disclaim the right, and disbelieve the policy, and condemn the injustice of all efforts to impair or disturb solemn obligations thus imposed upon ourselves by our free act, with a full knowledge of their nature and bearing upon the political system, and by an adherence to which we have together prospered in peace, and triumphed in war, for nearly half a century.

“ Entertaining these views, we solemnly protest against the principles and conduct of the few, who in their zeal would scatter among our southern brethren, firebrands, arrows, and death. We deplore the illusion of a greater (though we still believe a small) number of estimable, moral and pious persons, who, confiding in the purity of their motives, but blind to the appalling consequences, unconsciously co-operate with them in their attempts to violate the sacred faith of treaties, and the plain principles of international law. And above all, we regard with feelings of indignation and disgust, the intrusion upon our domestic relations of alien emissaries, sustained by the funds of a foreign people. The national government has uniformly acted upon the principles of non-intervention in the domestic policy of foreign nations, and the people have imposed restraints upon their sympathies and feelings, which, had these only been consulted, would have led them to compel their government to abandon its neutral position. Surely the obligations which confederated states owe to each other are not less sacred than those which regulate their conduct toward foreign nations. The evils of slavery fall more immediately on those among whom it exists; and they alone, by natural and conventional right, are competent to make laws under which it shall be mitigated, abolished, or endured. These evils can only be aggravated, to the discomfort and danger of the master, and the prejudice and misery of the slave, by attempts to encroach upon this jurisdiction.

“ Therefore *Resolved*, That the people of the United States, by the constitution under which by the divine blessing they hold their most valuable political privileges, have solemnly agreed with each other to leave to the respective states the jurisdiction pertaining to the relation of master and slave within their boundaries, and that no man or body of men, except the people or governments of those states, can of right do any act to dissolve or impair the obligations of that contract.

“ *Resolved*, That we hold in reprobation all attempts, in whatever guise they may appear, to coerce any of the United States to abolish slavery by appeals to the terror of the master or the passions of the slave.

“ *Resolved*, That we disapprove of all associations instituted in the non-slave-holding states with an intent to act within the slave-holding states without their consent. For the purpose of securing freedom of

individual thought and expression they are needless ; and they are inexpedient inasmuch as they afford to those persons in the southern states, whose object it is to effect a dissolution of the Union, (if any such there may be now or hereafter,) a pretext for the furtherance of their schemes.

“ *Resolved*, That all measures, the natural and direct tendency of which is to excite the slaves of the south to revolt, or to spread among them a spirit of insubordination, are repugnant to the duties of the man and the citizen, and that where such measures become manifested by overt acts, which are cognizable by constitutional laws, we will aid by all the means in our power in the support of those laws.

“ *Resolved*, That while we recommend to others the duty of sacrificing their opinions, passions, and sympathies upon the altar of the laws, we are bound to show that a regard to the supremacy of those laws is the rule of our own conduct ; and consequently to deprecate and oppose all tumultuary assemblies, all riotous or violent proceedings, all outrages on person and property, and all illegal notions of the right or duty of executing summary and vindictive justice in any mode unsanctioned by law.”

Three long addresses were delivered, with which the assembled multitudes vociferously expressed their satisfaction. The resolutions were introduced by a speech of talent, in which the orator, however, seemed crippled by his subject. Its great object was to maintain the integrity of the Union, which was endangered by abolition proceedings. Mr. Fletcher said, “ It is known that before the formation of the constitution, every state possessed sovereign and exclusive control of this subject within its own borders. The power of its regulation belonged to each individual state. And thus the constitution left it—untouched—entirely exclusive. And this was no mistake—no accident ; it was left so by design. Into this compact we entered freely—deliberately—and pledged ourselves most solemnly to abide by its provisions. Under that compact we still live and flourish—the sun in its circuit looks not on a land more blessed. Under that sacred constitution, then—faithful to its spirit and letter—let us hope to live and to die ; the hopes of the slave and the freeman—the black and the white—are bound up together in the union of these states. If that union is ever, in the providence of God, to be torn asunder, I trust, in that melancholy event, it may be in our power to say that—We are guiltless ! If the glorious banner that waves over us is ever to be torn down, may it not be by our hand ! ”

“ The Hon. M. Sprague admitted slavery to be a great moral and political plague, but seemed to deem it a necessary evil. There was a great deal of insinuation in his speech respecting the personal and political views of abolitionists, ultimate and ulterior objects. He deprecated the course they pursued by saying, “ he saw no good that could result from agitating and inflaming the public mind at the north on this solemn and delicate subject ; not if the excitement pervaded every section and state on this side of the Potomac. What benefit would result from such an excitement ? Is it proposed to operate on the fears of the slave-holders ? By such a course you might bind the cords of the slave closer—make his chains heavier—and dig his dun-

geon deeper; for fear hardens the heart against all touches of humanity, but you could effect neither his emancipation nor the improvement of his condition." Many customary analogies were introduced to show that the privation of the slave was like that abridgment of liberty in reference to children, lunatics, apprentices, &c., without regard to the frequent replies, that the sophistry of such reasoning is to be detected in the want of resemblance between the things compared. An effect perfectly electrical was produced by a reference to Washington as a slave-holder:—"When Massachusetts stood alone, breasting the torrent of British power, and when our gallant brethren of the south came generously to her assistance—what was then thought of communion with slave-holders! When the streets of Boston and the fields of Lexington and Concord were flowing with the blood of our citizens, spilt by the myrmidons of Great Britain—when that man—a slave-holder—(turning to the full-length painting of Washington, which forms the most valuable decoration of old Faneuil)—when that slave-holder, who there smiles upon this audience—with the slave-holders under his command—united in driving the enemy from our streets, and from this hall—our fathers surely thought it no reproach to hold communion with him and with them!"

'The honourable H. G. Otis expended much critical acumen in so elucidating the scriptures, as to reconcile slavery with the word of God. But, notwithstanding his general popularity as a speaker, there were many who did not appear to sympathize with his theology.'

pp. 415--420.

Such are the sentiments and feelings of a large portion of the philosophical Christians of the United States. Slavery in the abstract is their abomination;—slavery as it exists around them is so bound up with human rights and social interests, that it ceases to be an evil. Can emancipation be expected from such philanthropists as these? Till a total change be effected in the laws of each slave-holding state, and that change recognized by Congress, the horrors of slavery will continue unmitigated. But what can produce this change? Public opinion? What public opinion? That to which expression is given in the respective states where slavery prevails? or that which lifts up its voice in the Christian temple,—which echoes from a thousand pulpits, and is earnestly enforced and practically acted upon by an immensely increasing multitude of Christian people? Then, as far as this depends upon the Southern States of the Union, the cause of emancipation is utterly hopeless. And if the patriotic enemies of slavery in America ever hope to succeed in wiping away this foul stain upon their national character, it must be by 'agitation.' Whether they are of the North, or of the South, or of the Far West, all distinctions must be merged, all distances annihilated, and, in their determination to emancipate the slave, they must be one and indivisible. Mammon and Moloch will shut the mouth of every slave-holder, or suggest to him sophis-

tries and fallacies by which he may not only satisfy himself, but defend, with ingenuity and zeal, a system that is daily and hourly working more misery to mankind than all their personal vices and crimes put together. And if a few, who would readily obey the dictates of humanity and religion, attempt to put away from them the iniquity which they begin to abhor, they are met by invincible obstacles. The following extracts are proofs in point:

‘The manumission of slaves, and the cause of emancipation generally, is rendered exceedingly difficult by that national sensitiveness, which not only repels foreign interference, but is equally jealous of all intermeddling of even a sister state, with that of a neighbouring republic. Each separate government is determined to maintain its own independent course with reference to slaves and slavery; to enact its separate laws, and to deal with the whole subject in its own sovereign legislature. So far is it from being probable that congress will pass a general law for the abolition of slavery, it does not even aid the efforts of individual philanthropists who would give freedom to their own slaves.’ pp. 319—320.

‘Barbarities, of which I heard, cannot be prevented, while slavery is what it is, and man, whether slave or master, is man—but many a Kentuckian may be found, whose only inducement still to hold the power unrighteously given to him by the laws, is the well-being of those over whom he watches as a temporary guardian. One gentleman, venerable in years, and benevolent in heart, told me that, under existing laws and customs relative to the blacks, he would no more part with his slaves than with his children. He said, with tears, he really loved them, and delighted to fondle the little ones on his knees. I ventured to refer to his own mortality; when he immediately interrupted me by saying, “I have taken care of all that in my will, and provided not only for their liberty, but for their welfare, as far as I can. While I live, I cannot do better for them, under existing circumstances, and, when I die, I cannot do more.” Mr. Birnie also, who is now devoted to the service of the Abolition Society, set a noble example to his countrymen, by the gratuitous manumission of the few slaves he owned. Many philanthropists, who, doubtless, design to do to others as they would be done unto, cannot immediately manumit their slaves: none would rejoice more in total, universal abolition, and for this consummation they are preparing, and will persist in preparing, their own slaves, to the best of their judgment. But it must be remembered that, in some states, even though the owner should consent to become a pauper by the deed, he is unable to secure their liberty. The state would require bonds from himself, and two responsible guarantees, to the amount of three times the value of the slaves, that they should never become chargeable to the public. In other states, the manumitted slave must be removed, and such state as the benevolent owner might be able to convey them to, would make similar requisitions with which he could not comply. In these, and many more cases, a man would not do as he would be done by, to cast his poor unfriended, unprotected negroes upon “the tender mercies”

of a state legislature. He knows they would be sold into hopeless bondage, the moment he relinquished his own legal rights. The laws must first be altered.' pp. 293—295.

The quotation which follows, not only exhibits the general pertinacity with which the slave-holder grasps his degraded victims, and will not let them go, but affords likewise a glimpse of the nature of slavery as upheld and maintained by American Christians, members and pastors of voluntary churches.

The subject is introduced by a description of the entrance to Maysville in Kentucky.

' You ascend the steep hills commanding a view of the town, by one of the best roads in the United States. The land is rich, and the farms large and in good cultivation, though all the improvement is the fruit of slave labour. I made particular inquiry into the condition of this sort of agricultural population, and was informed that they are well fed, but that many farmers who labour themselves, extort an almost incredible amount of work from the slaves about them. This is not improbable, as they would naturally expect the robust negro to do as much as they did, without regard to the difference between free and compulsory toil, and the yet more important difference, between that which is richly compensated, and that which is unrequited. The master is industrious, but his spirits are ever buoyant with all the confidence of hope; the slave is a total stranger to the feeling, and God and nature have made him such that he cannot be otherwise than a grudging workman, rendering parsimonious and reluctant toil. Divine grace, indeed, may, and does, stimulate with hopes and prospects beyond that grave, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," and christian slaves are by many preferred. Human cupidity also devises the stimulus of the lash, where it deprives of that of hope. Kentucky has been taught some lessons illustrative of the imitative propensities of those slaves whom many deem inferior to men. While Lynch law is often practised against the slaves' friends, these very slaves sometimes learn of their masters, and deal with their own hands what they deem righteous retribution.

' The circumstances which led to the burning down of many of the hemp factories were these. The slaves were tasked, and as the time was to be their own after completing the stipulated task, with all the spring of hope and hilarity of free labourers, it was finished by the Wednesday night, or early on the Thursday morning. A larger amount of work was of course required, and the tasks were lengthened by degrees, till they became physically impracticable, inasmuch as the agent was again crushed and dispirited, and literally unable, even when punishment was vigorously resorted to, to comply with the demand! "Surely oppression maketh a *wise* man mad;" was it then surprising, that the poor ignorant slave should kindle incendiary fires? I obtained much information upon these points from a Kentuckian planter, a fine intelligent young man, and a perfect specimen of all I had imagined. He was free and unreserved in his manners

and conversation, precisely the frank, hearty, impetuous man, you might wish to meet with ; caring nothing for what you thought, and, therefore, with a rough hand tearing away all veil and concealment from any subject on which he was inclined to give information. This gentleman was the proprietor of slaves, inherited from a relative, and he had been purchasing others. I objected to his recent purchase, as partaking of all the iniquity of the slave trade ; and adverted to the consequences of buying and carrying off ten or twelve men from their wives and families. He replied—"They were bad fellows ; I had them out of the jails." I said, it was well known, that by connivance, those prisons were used by the keepers, for the purpose of securing slaves about to be sold ; and that the physical effects denoting the terror of those seized and confined in them, were so common, as to be almost uniform ; being at first a profuse sweat, followed by a prostration of all energy ; but that the keepers of jails for the consideration of a fee, took charge of the wretched creatures brought to them in that condition. He admitted that this might be the case with some ; and I argued that their right to themselves, and consequently to escape if they could, was at least equal to his right to detain them, as they had committed no crime, and expressed at the same time a hope, that speedy emancipation would set them all free. His reply was, "*I would burn them rather than let them go.*" I expressed my horror at such a sentiment, saying, "Then, sir, God would deem you a murderer ;" and I made some reference to the judgment to come. "That may be," said he, "but I speak of *my property*, and would shoot them sooner than allow them to be taken from me." This led to a long and very interesting discussion on slavery and abolition ; during which I certainly was surprised at the forbearance of so strong and athletic an antagonist, who told me that very few of his countrymen would listen to me so long as he had.

'I do not doubt the veracity of this witness, when he declared he had seen so severe a punishment inflicted, that a surgeon stood by with restoratives to revive repeatedly the fainting sufferer, that the lashes might be renewed. He also declared, that he had known 1,200 lashes given at the rate of fifty a day consecutively ; for what specific crimes he did not well remember. It is proper to add, these enormities were not practised in Kentucky, where it was his opinion the slaves were much better off than in Missouri and elsewhere. So frightful is the waste of life among those employed in clearing some new lands, I have heard the loss estimated at thirty-three per cent. per annum for the first few years.' pp. 285—288.

The abolition in England was effected chiefly by the force of Christian principle, which, in proportion as it took possession of the hearts of our people, inspired them with a steady and unquenchable zeal against slavery in our colonies. Not through all the length and breadth of our land had this vile system an apologist in the person of a single individual having the slightest pretensions to the character of a Christian, in the genuine, and not in the conventional sense of the term. But what is the fact

in the United States? Slavery, not at the wide distance of many thousand miles,—not in another hemisphere, separated from them by a mighty ocean,—but slavery at their doors,—slavery in its worst features of ignorance, demoralization, and wretchedness, appealing to their sympathies as men, and to their consciences as Christians, before their eyes, and imploring justice at their feet,—is not merely tolerated by the churches and pastors of the strictest sect of our religion, but it has taken such hold of their moral constitution, that the deputies acknowledge that the simple introduction of the topic in the convention to which their mission was specially directed, would have been followed by the most disastrous results; that their appearance on the Anti-slavery platform at New York would have had the effect of embroiling their whole denomination, consisting of more than 6000 churches. In various parts of the volume, there are strong indications that among Christians in general, and especially among the Baptists, there is a powerful indifference, not to say hostility, to emancipation. Take for example the following:—

‘Some statements we received were not calculated to give any favourable impressions respecting the designs of many of the southern people on the subject of slavery. There is too often a suspicious sentimentalism in reference to obedience to the laws of state legislatures, as if that were an authority paramount to the laws of God! Or, as if enactments of legislators, prohibiting instruction or preventing manumission, could relieve conscience from the obligation of doing, not merely to a fellow creature, but to a fellow christian “as he would be done unto.” What arrogance must it be in the sight of God, for one, who professes to prize as his greatest treasure the book of God, to take away the key of the knowledge of it from another, who has an equal proprietorship in all its truths and promises, and who needs much more the “patience and comfort of the scriptures,” than he “may have hope.” It is painful to converse on these points with the most coarse and determined tyrant, who in defiance of every appeal, grasps his fellow creature as his property, and will tear him limb from limb, rather than part with his prey; but it is far more humiliating and agonizing, to hear a defence or palliation of the system, breathed from the lips of woman, or maintained by some youthful candidate for the holy ministry of love!

‘Slavery presented itself to our view in one of the most extraordinary and offensive forms of which it is possible to conceive, while we were in this city. The name of Washington, the father of his country, is revered by every patriot of every land. Our politicians, and even our princes and captains, may have quailed before his surprising genius; but his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the wise and the good in both hemispheres. We had visited the sanctuary of his home, wandered amidst the decays of his domain, and paid our homage to his worth before his unaspiring tomb. We here saw, still living, the very woman who nursed his infancy; and she has worn the chain and badge of slavery from that hour to the present time!

Britons blushed for America, and were oppressed with a sickness of the very heart, to think that for more than a hundred years after the infant hero had been pillowed in the bosom of this stranger, Joyce Heth should have remained a slave. We were ready to ask, when we visited her, where are the sensibilities of a people who can tolerate so gross an outrage upon every soft and holy feeling, as to allow this living mummy, this breathing corpse, to be dragged through the country, exhibited to the idle gaze of strangers, and often exposed to the rude, offensive merriment of thoughtless youth? This mysterious antiquity, whose age we found to be 161 years, ought rather to have been cradled in silk, and nursed, in her second infancy, with all the tenderness with which she watched over one of the greatest of men. She was stolen from Madagascar, and was owned by the father of Washington at the time of his birth. It was evident that her person had been shamefully neglected, since she had sunk into the helplessness of an almost miraculous old age—her nails being suffered to grow till they bent, like bird's claws, and those of one clenched hand penetrated into her very flesh. She was left in the extremest destitution, and would have died in Kentucky, had it not occurred to some keen and shrewed calculator, that something might yet be made by exhuming, as it were, this living relic of a former age, to exhibit as a show! During many months, she had been conveyed from place to place, as the last sands of life were thus running out; and more had been gained than the sum for which Washington's father sold her in 1727, when, as appears in the existing copy of the bill of sale, she was fifty-four years of age.

It was often necessary for her to be addressed in the authoritative manner with which a slave is commanded, in order to rouse what remained of vital energy, so as to gratify the curious; but, at other times, she spoke with vivacity. She has been the mother of fifteen children, but all have died before her, excepting two or three grandchildren.

This venerable slave is a baptist, was immersed in the Potomac, and received into a baptist church 116 years ago. She sings a few hymns, in a voice which brings Homer's grasshoppers to mind. She is often observed in prayer, and expresses herself, on a few essential points, with great clearness. The few sentences we heard, were in answer to our inquiries, at a time when she appeared greatly exhausted. She said she "wished to die, and go to heaven in that minute of time, but must wait God's pleasure, and dare not be impatient;" expressed herself very clearly in reference to the blood of Christ as her only hope, declaring that "the happiness she felt was of the Lord, through faith in Jesus." In reply to some questions about her baptism, she said "it was in a river, and she was sure that it was the Potomac."

What will the British Christians think of the 6000 churches that could suffer one of their own members to remain a slave, and to be thus exhibited as a show and a wonder, especially after the services she had rendered to her country! Against this monstrous, pestilent, and prevalent evil in the United States, nei-

ther in the south nor in the north, did the deputies, Drs. Cox and Hoby, the representatives of a large section of christian abolitionists in their own country, publicly protest; and from the only great Christian movement in this humane and holy enterprise that was made during their visit, they felt themselves justified in standing aloof. It is fair to say that they have stated their reasons, and vindicated their conduct.

It seems they entered upon their mission under more than implied restrictions. In their credentials, the subject was not accidentally omitted, but purposely and '*carefully avoided*;' and Dr. Cox with his characteristic frankness discloses the views of his constituents in language which sounds strange to English ears, and strikes with something like a chill upon the warm heart of christianized humanity. The blame, however, rests not with the writer.

The paramount object of our mission was to effect a fraternal alliance with our American brethren; *but those who commissioned us knew perfectly well that they were largely implicated in slave-holding.* Ardently as they desired, and as we desired, to accomplish something in a cause important to the welfare of nations and the interests of religion, yet the committee could not have been guilty of the folly of sending us across the Atlantic, first to ask their friendship, and then to aid their dissensions. If our brethren in England had meant to say, We can have no fellowship with them because they are slave holders,—then why seek it?—p. 117.

We confess, to us, it is an astounding fact, that a body of British Christians consisting of many churches and pastors, so soon after the conclusion of the struggle of nearly half a century, at the very moment of triumph and of costly sacrifice,—when the object of so many labours, prayers, and tears had been so gloriously achieved; at the precise period when, in moral majesty, one entire people might have risen and demanded from the whole civilized world freedom for every slave;—it is, we repeat it, to us most astounding that those churches and pastors, pledged too as they had been to the cause of abolition, should have sent delegates to the churches and pastors of another land, of which slavery is the plague-spot and the curse, without hinting at the monstrous evil in their written communications, or instructing their representatives to expostulate with their slave-holding and slave-defending brethren.

We are also a little surprised that our respected friends the deputies, as 'they were perfectly free to pursue such a course as 'they might think most judicious after having informed themselves of the existing state of parties, and of the relative position of different societies,' did not feel themselves impelled as natives of Great Britain, as ministers of Christ, and as pledged

abolitionists, to bear their *public* protest, in union with some simply humane and religious agency, against the flagrant inconsistency of Christians holding their fellow men and fellow Christians in hopeless and degrading bondage. They, however, are of opinion, that they exercised a sound discretion in withholding all aid and countenance from the Anti-Slavery Society; and if that society pursues any objects different from the simple one which it avows,—if, founded professedly on Christian principles, it be only or chiefly a political association, they were undoubtedly right. Here we are not able to form a competent judgement. We only know that it would not be a safe course for strangers to the Anti-Slavery Societies in our own country, to take their estimate of their character from planters in the West Indies, or their champions at home.

In justice to the Authors of this book, we ought, however, to remark, that it speaks thoroughly out on the question of slavery. However partizans may censure their conduct at Richmond and New York, this their manual for the whole world is unequivocal in its condemnation of this detestable iniquity.

On this topic we have dwelt so long that we must take only a very cursory notice of other great and stirring subjects which the volume embraces. Of the coloured population and their treatment, we have a transient view.

If I was surprised at the absence of the customary procession and show on the 4th, I was still more so by a demonstration witnessed on the 6th. I had been prevented by increased indisposition from leaving the city, and was writing, when the sound of a drum, beaten to keep the regularity of march caught my ear. I was struck with the very genteel and uniform dress of a large body of fine-looking men, who wore blue coats and white trowsers, before I noticed the contrast of the coal-black countenances of many of them with their snow-white linen. I soon saw they were all coloured people! This fact filled me with surprise, but how was it increased when the banners they carried were fairly in view? On one was inscribed—

“We by steam-boats live, and our families maintain.”

Another was a ship, intended to represent the first slaver which sailed to the American shores! A third, displayed a kneeling negro; his chains were broken off, and, lo! the genius of liberty hovered over the humble form, and was just about to place on his brows a chaplet of laurel! I could scarcely credit the evidence of my own senses; but from my heart did I bless God, that my eyes had beheld that sight. I learned that many were offended, and scandalized, at such a procession; but the parties were so truly respectable, and those who employed some of them so influential and determined, that it was deemed expedient to let all pass. This was truly the right side of the Ohio; and surely these cheerful notes of freedom will not *always* be responded to across the silver stream, with nought but groans from the slave, while he sighs, “*Am I not also a man and a brother?*”

With regard to questions which at this moment agitate parties so violently among ourselves, the Americans are not indifferent. The delegates had an interview with the President, which they thus describe.

‘ We found him in company with Mr. Van Buren, the vice-president, who is a candidate for the supreme office, at the period of regular vacancy. It was a gratifying opportunity of familiar and animated conversation over a cup of coffee, on topics connected with some of the most important interests of our respective countries. Recent intelligence from Europe was touched upon, and particularly news relative to Ireland, which led to a somewhat extended discussion of the compulsory support of religion as contrasted with that which is spontaneous and voluntary. It was gratifying to ascertain that the mind of the chief magistrate of this mighty nation was as free from all the sophistries arising out of the unhallowed blending of things sacred with things secular, by the alliance of the church with the state, as his person and court were disencumbered of the pomps of royal etiquette. He uttered, with great emphasis, these memorable words, “ Human legislation in matters of religion may make hypocrites, but it cannot make christians.” On the tithe system, particularly as it was working in Ireland, which led to the conversation, the president spoke with still kindling energy, and in terms which harmonized with what may now be considered public opinion in every part of the British empire, till all the soldier was apparent as the general exclaimed, “ I had rather die a thousand deaths, than see my wife and children starve while I was robbed of one-tenth of my labour to support a religion I disapproved.”—pp. 22—23.

The religious phenomena, almost peculiar to America, called Revivals, are described in their genuine and spurious character. The former may be traced to Scriptural principles, and their effects are altogether favourable to the increase of true religion. But what can exceed the following fanatical extravagance ?

‘ At the time of my arrival in Montpellier, there was a considerable excitement in consequence of the visit of a celebrated revivalist, one who drove religion forward with a reckless fury. He was to address young people the same evening ; and he pursued his systematic course of *moral mechanism* for several days. This term appears to me accurately to express the facts. I afterwards came into another scene of his operations, the effect of which had been, when the fermenting elements had subsided, to leave in more than one religious community, a residuum of spiritual coldness, bordering on a disinclination to all religion, and productive for a time of total inaction. From delicacy I conceal his name, while recording a specimen of his proceedings. After repeated prayers and appeals, by which he almost compelled multitudes to repair to the anxious seats, he asked again and again if they loved God. They were silent. “ Will you not say that you love God ? Only say you love, or wish to love God.” Some confessed ; and their names or their numbers were written down in a memorandum book, to be reported as so many converts. It was

enough to give an affirmative to the question ; but many were not readily, and without continual importunity and management, induced to the admission. He would continue—" Do you not love God? Will you not say you love God?" Then taking out his watch,—“ There now, I give you a quarter of an hour. If not brought in fifteen minutes to love God, there will be no hope of you—you will be lost—you will be damned.” A pause, and no response. “ Ten minutes have elapsed ; five minutes only left for salvation ! If you do not love God in five minutes you are lost for ever !” The terrified candidates confess—the record is made—a hundred converts are reported !

‘ Let it not be imagined, that these are common methods of procedure, even amongst the most zealous revivalists ; but the *tendency* to similar extremes is not very unfrequent. Fanatical extravagances of this description, are unhappily confounded by many, with efforts which are not only more sober, but unobjectionable and useful. In the estimation of the wisest and best of men, they disparage a good cause, and provoke some of them, as I have found, to discountenance every movement which comes under the name of a revival. It is proper, however, to look at this subject with a just discrimination ; to consider that the very counterfeit implies the existence of the valuable coin ; that there may be a holy, and assuredly is in many parts of America, a beneficial excitement which essentially differs from a fanatical commotion ; and that we ought not to undervalue, or be repelled from energetic measures which have the stamp of reality, religion, and scripture upon them, by the indiscretions and impieties of spiritual mechanists, zealots, and alarmists.’—pp. 180, 181.

Education is making the most rapid advances in every part of the United States. Schools, colleges, universities, are everywhere rising to meet the awakening energies of the popular mind. Female establishments, possessing a collegiate character, are growing up into importance. The deputies were present at the anniversary of an institution of this kind at New Hampton, of which they give the following account.

‘ The examinations in the female department were anticipated with great interest, and, to us, it appeared that this seminary could assert greater pretensions to superiority in comparison with others than the boy's school. An opportunity had been afforded of attending the ordinary studies of the pupils, having nevertheless a reference to the examination ; and a more substantial course of education we never witnessed. Whatever was taught, appeared to be taught thoroughly. No doubt considerable preparation had been made expressly for the annual display ; but ample evidence was given of an acquaintance with principles, and not merely the attainment of a superficial smattering to be forgotten as quickly as acquired. It was sufficiently obvious that the exercises were not mere recitations from memory, but a vigorous application of mind was apparent, both on the part of teachers and pupils. We shall give a brief enumeration of the topics which engaged our attention on the public day.

‘ A judicious examination in Butler's Analogy was proceeding as we

entered the hall ; the teacher took the ground of such opponents as the author combats ; and by stating in her own language the objections, he answers and removes, elicited the knowledge which had been obtained by the previous study of the work, and of the subjects it contains. This was followed by examinations in algebra, on the black board, which was covered with figures, executed with the utmost neatness. Many demonstrations were thus given in the higher branches of arithmetic, and in algebra. Quadratic equations were performed by the young ladies, with perfect accuracy, and explained with the promptitude which bespeaks clearness of conception. Next followed a class of botanists, who, with a bouquet for the indiscriminate distribution of a flower to each, proceeded to classify and arrange them scientifically. A lively original discussion, on the most rational mode of commemorating the 4th of July ensued, as a sort of interlude. This was succeeded by an examination of two young children, in the elements of geometry, conducted by one of the elder pupils. Portions of the first and seventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* were then translated and analysed. A clever dialogue on education was sustained with spirit. It was intended to represent a morning visit, supposed to be made by two fashionables, to two literary ladies ; which led to an amusing altercation on their respective pursuits, in which were many sallies of wit, indicative of considerable ingenuity in those who composed the piece. These episodes relieved and enlightened the meeting, instead of music. General history, with some portions of ancient history, taught by dictation, were introduced. The movements of the children of Israel in the wilderness, were described on a blank map, and a little girl, about six or seven years of age, gave a history of St. Paul. An original poem followed—and in succession, astronomy—an essay on America as it was, and as it is—reading in French, which was well pronounced and translated—and English poetry. These studies must have been instructive, from the careful analysis of each line, to which the pupils were accustomed ; but there was a cadence, which, without specimens we had, might have led to the inference, that the whole school was accustomed to read line after line *en masse*, thereby acquiring the same tones and emphasis. A class was examined in Wayland's Moral Science. This was succeeded by physiology, natural history, and geography. A bible class gave so correct a synoptical view of the Epistle to the Romans, and evinced so much acquaintance with the general scope of the author, and the reasoning in different chapters, as to reflect the highest credit on the assiduous teacher, who had communicated so much information. One young lady then read an original address to a society which had been formed among them, under the designation of a "Missionary Association ;" another, about to leave school, delivered a valedictory address. Both these were admirable ; the latter was full of tender pathos. We were then requested to close this long day's session, which we did by an address and prayer.

' In this seminary, there are but few very young persons. The greater part will probably become teachers, and may be considered as in training for those numerous common or district schools, which will be immensely benefited by a more competent class of instructors. The remainder are young ladies of respectable families, who resort here to

finish their education. Of those who are more advanced in age, or who are preparing to become teachers, no inconsiderable number are necessitated to spend one half their time in some profitable employment; that by carefully husbanding their wages, they may have wherewith to pay the expenses of their education, during the remainder of the year. This honourable ambition was creditable to the pupil, as it is beneficial to society; and it is found, that among them are many of the most promising scholars. Such propriety of conduct is displayed, that no distinctions are necessary, and none are attempted to be made in the seminary; nor could it generally be known that any were ever occupied in mills or other factories, but from their periodical absence, and other accidental circumstances.

‘The same charges for tuition are made to all; but the expenses are materially different for board, which each adapts to her means. All the scholars reside in the houses kept for the purpose, by persons of approved respectability, and where they live as members of the family. The teachers have only to attend them in the recitation rooms. It is in fact, a college for females, as much so as are the university establishments for men; only there are no commons, as in the male department.

‘In some of the boarding houses, a number can contrive to live for very little more than five shillings per week, each; and the charge for education is small. Drawing is taught, but not music and dancing. The two former accomplishments are not, in our opinion, pursued in America with the same success as in England; for while there are specimens of individual proficiency, there is a want of general excellence. In studying botany, each pupil collects and arranges, often with much taste and elegance, specimens which are prepared and preserved in an album, with such apt poetical or prose quotations, as fancy may dictate. We received an elegant present of a *Hortus Siccus*. In this description of female education, so easily attainable by individuals from any class who may aspire to it, England is greatly surpassed by America. We have but few, if any, institutions resembling this; but it would be difficult to assign any satisfactory reason why the plan of proprietary schools should not be extended to our daughters, or why they should be deprived of the advantages of a more substantial and extended education. That a large number of British ladies are to be found throughout the country, who yield to the ladies of no nations in the new or in the old world, may be confidently maintained; but equal advantages with those enjoyed in the female academies of America, are by no means accessible. On the contrary, the great mass of females with us, grow up comparatively in ignorance of much that is taught at New Hampton.’ pp. 392—397.

On the principal subject, namely, “the Baptists in America”, the Work is full of information. It develops the wonderful operation of the voluntary principle, and shews that religion, when flowing through this channel, is then only distinguished by its own genuine character of liberality and energy.

We are told that ‘as soon as a project is announced which wears the aspect of utility, the question is—Well, what action

shall be taken upon this?" The requisite amount is determined, dollars instantly pour in, and the work is accomplished.

Our readers will be pleased with the following sketch of individual character.

' Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, Esq., displayed the character of a CHRISTIAN MERCHANT in all its varieties of excellence. He was born November 3, 1798; in May, 1818, joined Dr. Sharp's church in Boston; commenced business in 1819; married Sarah, the daughter of T. Kendall, Esq., in 1820; and after several weeks of decline, expired May 22, 1834, in the 36th year of his age. He was one of the few noble-hearted men of wealth, whose affluence is constantly proved by their munificence. Yet it was not always from what is strictly denominated affluence that he was so benevolent, inasmuch as the vows of God were upon him that he would never become rich; and he redeemed the holy pledge which he had given by consecrating his gains to the Lord. In November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document:—

' " By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than 50,000 dollars.

' " By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

' " If I am ever worth 20,000 dollars, I will give one half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth 30,000, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after 50,000 dollars. So help me God; or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside.

' " Nov. 1821.

" N. R. COBB."

' He adhered to this covenant with conscientious fidelity. At one time, finding his property had increased beyond 50,000 dollars, he at once devoted the surplus 7,500 as a foundation for a professorship in the Newton Institution, to which, on various occasions during his short life, he gave at least twice that amount. Though a baptist, and ever ready to perform any service for the church and the denomination to which he belonged, yet he was prompt in affording aid to all wise designs which appeared to have a claim upon him as a christian, a philanthropist, and a patriot. He was a generous friend to many young men, whom he assisted in establishing themselves in business, and to many who were unfortunate.

' Seldom was this excellent man absent from any meetings of the church, even amidst the greatest pressure of business. He rejoiced in the conversion of sinners, and constantly aided his pastor in the inquiry meeting. His temper was placid, his manners affable, his integrity entire. He was, besides, distinguished by great business talents, and by an acute penetration into the characters of men. Energy and activity were his element. We could willingly transcribe his diary before us; but a very few short sentences, uttered in his last sickness, must suffice: " Within the last few days, I have had some glorious views of heaven. It is indeed a glorious thing to die. I have been active and busy in the world. I have enjoyed it as much as any one. God has prospered me. I have every thing to tie me here. I am happy in my family; I have property enough, but how

small and mean does this world appear when we are on a sick bed ! Nothing can equal my enjoyment in the near prospect of heaven. My hope in Christ is worth infinitely more than all other things. The blood of Christ, the blood of Christ, *none* but Christ."

' Alas, how little did we imagine, while for a few days partaking of the elegant hospitalities of the mansion, from which this *christian merchant* had so lately departed to our "Father's house," that our beloved friend, his then surviving widow, would soon and suddenly be summoned to rejoin her husband ! Scarcely, however, had we recrossed the Atlantic, when the intelligence reached us. We blend our sympathies with those who live, knowing that "the survivors die ! "' pp. 412-414.

We must pause in our extracts, making room for the following rapid glance and contrast.

We reached the summer retreat of Dr. Channing as the sun was setting gloriously ; and hastened from the resplendence of mere matter to the coruscations of mind. That eminent individual welcomed Dr. Dunn and me at the door, with unassuming simplicity of manners. At the table of a man whose fame had crossed the Atlantic, and must live in history, we found every thing to prove that the domestic and personal virtues lived in happy rivalry with the literary powers. If the one elevated the man, the other adorned the father and the friend. Dr. Channing is unassuming ; in a degree, too, it may be said unimposing. Himself does not seem a living edition of his works. In this he differs from my late friend, Robert Hall, whose private life and conversation was a continued reflection, more or less vivid, according to circumstances, of his extraordinary writings. He, too, was unassuming, but he *appeared* as well as *was*, the great man. Eccentric, witty in conversation, and when consulted on a particular point of doctrine or practical conduct, full of argumentative subtlety and just discrimination. These men agree in the superiority, not in the mode of their talents, either in private or public. In private, Dr. Channing is calm, collected, sensible, and agreeable ; Mr. Hall was rapid and chaste in diction, often impassioned, and not unfrequently inconsiderate in his remarks on persons or performances, and tenacious, sometimes playfully, of curious or unimportant theories, hastily adopted, and to be soon abandoned. In public, Dr. Channing, as a preacher with a unitarian creed, is deliberate, acute in argument, interesting in manner, delivering or reading well-arranged compositions ; Mr. Hall was, with an orthodox doctrine, somewhat indistinct and hesitating in his utterance, having no elegance of manner, but vivid, ardent, inconceivably fertile in extemporaneous thought, and at once convincing, brilliant, and impressive ; for ever hovering between the pathetic and sublime.'

We congratulate the voluntary churches of Great Britain on the appearance of a Work like the present. It is an excellent supplement to Reed and Matheson's more general narrative ;

while to the English Baptists this introduction to their American brethren cannot fail to be peculiarly acceptable. For many valuable observations on the moral and religious state of the Canadas, and the importance of a mission to these our long-neglected colonies, we must refer to the Work itself.

Art. VII.—*A Day in the Woods*; a connected Series of Tales and Poems. By Thomas Miller, Basket-Maker, Author of Songs of the Sea-Nymphs, &c. 12mo. pp. 338. London, 1836.

‘**T**HAT the world is overstocked with authors,’ says Mr. Miller, ‘is not to be disputed; but it is equally true, that it is too full of basket-makers.’ Which path shall the author pursue?

“ Oh ! how happy could he be with either

“ If he were fully employed.”

Our reply would be, let him pursue both. These flowers ought assuredly to secure the sale of his baskets; and put him in heart to go on weaving at the same time his osiers and his rhymes. If there were not too many basket-makers, we should have no authors; for it is only in densely peopled communities, where the hands are too numerous, that there are heads to spare for the author’s craft, or that a fund is created out of which to pay for the products of literary labour. But such a man as the Author of this volume cannot be a supernumerary at Nature’s board. He brings with him a ticket specially endorsed; and he will be welcomed, now he is known, with a ‘ Friend, go up higher.’

The public have ceased to marvel at what might once have been regarded as a literary phenomenon—genius springing up, like a chance-sown seed, in the very footsteps of poverty. It is no strange thing now, to find peasants and operatives, ploughmen and weavers displaying powers of mind, and even a degree of refined taste and fancy, such as would once have been presumed to be peculiar to the educated and privileged classes. Still, there is something not a little extraordinary in Mr. Miller’s simple story. These pages are ‘the production of an entirely uneducated person, who at the age of nine years, was thrust forth to gain a livelihood by the labour of his hands’; and who, at the time of composing them, was altogether dependent for support upon his own manual labour in basket-making.

‘Many portions of the volume were written amid the fatigue and exertion consequent upon several hours’ daily perambulation in the streets of the metropolis, in unsuccessful endeavours to dispose of his baskets; when his spirit was subdued by poverty and dissatisfaction, when even hope had deserted his dwelling, and despair sat brooding by his hearth.’

He had under these circumstances taken 'refuge in one of those silent alleys, of which there is no lack in busy London, where hearts break daily, whose deep feelings are wholly unknown to the gay and prosperous,'—when the Editor of "Friendship's Offering" sought him out; his attention having been excited by a passage in a letter of the author's read in his presence; and, after the perusal of a few of his poems, 'essayed,' through the medium of the Annual alluded to, to drag him from his obscurity.' The merit of the poems inserted in that volume did not escape our notice; but we had no suspicion of the circumstances under which they had been composed. We had marked the following poem for extract, and omitted it merely for want of room. Our readers will agree with us, that, apart from all such considerations, it is one of no ordinary merit, rich with picturesque beauty and imaginative feeling.

' THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

- ' Deep in the bosom of a silent wood,
Where an eternal twilight dimly reigns,
A sculptured fountain hath for ages stood,
O'erhung with trees; and still such awe remains
Around the spot, that few dare venture near;—
The bubbling water spreads a superstitious fear.
- ' It looks so old, and grey, with moss besprant,
And carven imagery, grotesque or quaint;
Eagles and lions are with dragons blent,
And cross-winged cherub; while o'er all a saint
Bends grimly down with frozen, blown-back hair,
And on the dancing spray its dead eyes ever stare.
- ' From out a dolphin's mouth the water leaps,
And frets, and tumbles to its bed of gloom;—
So dark the umbrage under which it sweeps,
Blackened by distance to a dreary tomb;
With murmurs fraught, and many a gibbering sound,
Gurgle, and moan, and hiss, and splash, and fitful bound.
- ' O! 'tis a spot where man might sit and weep
His childish griefs and petty cares away.
Wearied Ambition might lie there and sleep,
And hoary Crime in silence kneel to pray.
The fountain's voice, the day-beams faintly given,
Tell of that star-light land we pass in dreams to Heaven.
- ' There lovely forms in olden times were seen,
And snowy kirtles waved between the trees;
And light feet swept along the velvet green,
And the rude anthem rose upon the breeze,
When, round the margin, England's early daughters
Worshipped the rough-hewn saint that yet bends o'er the waters.

- 'And some bent priest, whose locks were white as snow,
Would raise his trembling hands and voice to pray :
All would be hushed, save that old fountain's flow,
That rolling bore the echoes far away.
Perchance a dove, amid the foliage dim,
Might raise a coo, then pause to list their parting hymn.
- 'But they are gone,—and ages have passed by ;—
The inlaid missal will be seen no more ;
And beauteous forms, and many a radiant eye
That flashed with joy and hope in days of yore,
Is darkened now, all still their bosom-throes,
While that old Fountain's stream through the deep forest flows.'

Our next specimen is fully equal to this in beauty, which is saying a great deal, especially considering the triteness of the subject. Who can listen to the skylark without a gush of poetry at his heart; and who that has an ear to drink in its ever-varying liquid song, is ever tired of listening? Countless successions of these songsters have been repeating the same anthem from the creation; and generation after generation of human beings have listened to them with the same glad and half-envious feeling. And still, the genuine poet, like the lark itself, has the power to throw the freshness of novelty or of variety into his strain. Listen !

TO THE SKY-LARK.

- 'Whither away ? companion of the sun,
So high, this laughing morn ? Are those soft clouds
Of floating silver, which appear to shun
Day's golden eye, thy home ? or why, 'mid shrouds
Of loosened light, dost thou pour forth thy song ?
Descend, sun-loving bird, nor try thy strength thus long !
- 'Æthereal songster ! soaring merrily,
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow ;
Rolling along the sky celestially,
And echoing o'er the hill's wood-waving brow,
Along the flood, that back reflects the sky,
And thee, thou warbling speck, deep-mirrored from on high.
- 'And thou hast vanished, singing, from my sight !
So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine ;
Around thee is illimitable light,
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Bright as above ! Thine is a glorious way,
Pavilioned all around with golden-spreading day !
- 'The broad unbounded sky is all thine own ;
The silvery-sheeted heaven is thy domain ;
No land-mark there, no hand to bring thee down,
Glad monarch of the blue eternal plain !

To thee is airy space far-stretching given,
The vast unmeasured floor of cherubim-trod heaven !

' And thou hast gone, perchance to catch the sound
Of angel-voices, heard far up the sky ;
And wilt return, harmonious to the ground ;
Then with new music taught by those on high,
Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers
Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

' Lovest thou to sing alone above the dews,
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy hues
From dark robed trees, and scattering far her light
O'er tarn and tower ? — But thou art with the sun,
Looking on wood and vale, where low-voiced rivers run.

' I hear thy strain ;—now thou art nearing earth,
Like quivering aspens moves each fluttering wing ;
Rising in glee, thou comest down in mirth ;
Hast heard the seraphs to their Maker sing
The morning hymn ; and com'st to teach thy mate
The anthem thou hast brought from heaven's gold-lighted gate ?

' Lute of the sky ! farewell, till I again
Climb these cloud-gazing hills ! Thou must not come
To where I dwell, nor pour thy heaven-caught strain
Above the curling of my smoky home.
Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal
That joy from thy glad song which at this hour I feel ! "

As a still more extraordinary specimen of the Author's powers, we must give 'The Dying Widow', which has a homely vigour and pathos that remind us of the few lyrical productions of Crabbe. We do not prefer such subjects, and are half disposed to resent having our critical dignity moved to tears by a ballad : nevertheless we cannot deny the talent of the artist.

' THE DYING WIDOW.

' " THOSE cold white curtain-folds displace—
That form I would no longer see ;
They have assumed my husband's face,
And all night long it looked at me :
I wished it not to go away,
Yet trembled while it did remain ;
I closed my eyes, and tried to pray—
Alas ! I tried in vain.

' " I know my head is very weak,
I've seen what fancy can create ;
I long have felt too low to speak,—
Oh ! I have thought too much of late —

I have a few requests to make :
Just wipe these blinding tears away ;—
I know your love, and for my sake
You will them all obey.

“ My child has scarce a month been dead,
My husband has been dead but five ;
What dreary hours since then have fled !
I wonder I am yet alive.
My child ! through him Death aimed the blow,
And from that hour I did decline ;
His coffin, when my head lies low,
I would have placed on mine.

“ Those letters which my husband sent
Before he perished in the deep ;—
What hours in reading them I've spent,
Whole nights, in which I could not sleep :
Oh ! they are worn with many a tear,
Scarce fit for other eyes to see ;
But oft when sad they did me cheer,—
Pray bury them with me.

“ This little cap my Henry wore,
The very day before he died ;
And I shall never kiss it more—
When dead you'll place it by my side ;
I know these thoughts are weak, but oh !
What will a vacant heart not crave ?
And as none else can love them so,
I'll bear them to my grave.

“ The miniature that still I wear,
When dead I would not have removed :
'Tis on my heart—oh leave it there,
To find its way to where I loved ;
My husband threw it round my neck,
Long, long before he called me bride ;
And I was told that 'midst the wreck
He kissed mine ere he died.

“ There's little that I care for now,
Except this simple wedding ring ;
I faithfully have kept my vow,
And feel not an accusing sting :
I never yet have laid it by
A moment since my bridal day :
Where he first placed it let it lie :
Oh ! take it not away !

“ Now wrap me in my wedding gown,
You scarce can think how cold I feel ;
And smooth my ruffled pillow down :
Oh ! how my clouded senses reel !

Great God ! support me to the last !
 Oh, let more air into the room :
 The struggle now is nearly past,
 Husband and child ! I come !”

Of the narrative which composes the ground-work of the volume we shall only say that it is prose by a poet—a very pretty green basket-work to hold the flowers.

Art. VIII. *Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa* : By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. Undertaken in 1835. 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1836.

SCARCELY a monthly number of our Journal passes from our hands, in which we have not to notice some accession to our geographical knowledge, or to the materials for what the Poet styles “the proper study of mankind”, obtained by the enterprise and patient labour of Christian Missionaries, whose stations form, in every continent or island shore, the out-posts of civilization. Southern Africa is, at this moment, attracting an increasing portion of the public attention, owing to various circumstances which have combined to impart interest to its hitherto neglected shores and unexplored recesses. The Caffer war, the projected new colony on the South eastern coast, and the exploratory expedition into the interior, are the circumstances we more especially refer to, as concurring to fix attention upon this region ; and the barbarous nations confounded under the unmeaning appellation of Caffer or heathen, are beginning to attract a more discriminating and enlightened curiosity. Among these nations the Zoolu or Amazoolu, who occupy the territory bounded southward by Umzemvooboo or Hippopotamus River, are now ascertained to be one of the most warlike and powerful. The present volume, giving an account of the Author's persevering and not unsuccessful efforts to establish a civilizing intercourse with these barbarians, cannot therefore but be received with deep interest.

Captain Gardiner has presented to us an artless narrative, somewhat deficient, as he seems well aware, in point of composition and arrangement, and drawn up under great disadvantages, but replete with novel and curious information. If not an adept in the physical sciences, the Author is both an artist and a poet ; and whatever may be thought of the devotional effusions which are thickly scattered over his pages, the numerous plates of scenery and costumes from sketches taken on the spot will be an attractive feature, as they add not a little to the substantial value of the volume.

The Amazoolu are at present divided into two communities under their respective sovereigns Dingaru and Umselekaz. Din-

garn is the immediate successor of the formidable conqueror, Chacka; and his capital is called Unkungenglove, situated, apparently, at no great distance S.W., of Nobamba, the former seat of government. It was to this sable monarch our Author's mission was directed. His whole kingdom, Captain Gardiner says, may be considered as a camp; every male belonging to one of the three orders of veterans, younger soldiers, and lads who have not served in war.

‘Throughout the country there are *ekānda* or barrack towns, in which a certain number of each class are formed into a regiment, from six hundred to about one thousand strong, and where they are obliged to assemble during half the year, principally for the practice of dancing, which is considered as a military exercise. In the whole country there are said to be from fourteen to sixteen large *ekāndas*, and several of a smaller size; and it is supposed, but I cannot speak from personal observation, that they can bring 50,000 men into the field. Each regiment is commanded by from two to ten principal officers, that are called *Indoonas*, of which one is considered as the commandant; and these are assisted by an inferior class, who have charge of the different sections, and attend principally to the distribution of provisions, shields, &c. . . . Unkungenglove, which is the present seat of government, and by far the largest town in the kingdom, is strictly an *akānda*, officered by about twenty *Indoonas*, including Umthlella and Tamboozza, who, being the two national councillors and head *Indoonas*, are superior to all others. By far the greater portion of the soldiers composing this regiment (about 900 strong) are chiefs of smaller towns, bearing the appellation of *Indoona* or *Umnumzana* (head of a village); and it is evidently with a political view of state surveillance, that the most influential of these are formed into this description of body guard, and that all in rotation are obliged to appear and reside for some time in the capital, where they become not only hostages for the good conduct of those dependent upon them, but are thereby prevented from plotting any scheme for the subversion of the existing government. It may be unnecessary to add, that the king has spies in all directions—an office which is here held in no ill repute; and consequently it is difficult to obtain information on many subjects, as the most trivial conversation is often reported to him. Considerable authority is delegated to the principal *indoona* of each *ekānda*, as well to inflict punishment as to reward; and he is always entrusted with a supply of brass armlets and collars for the decoration of those whom he considers deserving of such distinctions.

‘During the reign of Chacka, every principal *Indoona* had the power of life and death; but this has since been greatly curtailed; Dingarn, on his accession, restricting it to three individuals only—Umthlella, Tamboozza, and Eoto the *Indoona* of Congella.’ pp. 93—94.

It is curious to observe how the same primitive type of military despotism is repeated in the institutions of all ages, climes, and countries; those of the more barbarous nations seeming the mimicry of the customs and regulations of

civilized society, although they are rather copies of the rude original. We smile at the distribution of brass armlets and collars, forgetting that the blue riband, the star, the epaulette are but badges of the same honorific description and import. Captain Gardiner was struck with the existence of several customs among the Zoolu nation, apparently of Jewish origin. Mr. Ray has noticed still more remarkable coincidences in the rites and notions of the Southern Caffers, which are easily explained by referring them to an Abyssinian source. The rite of circumcision, universal among the Southern Caffers and Bechuanas, does not, as Mr. Ray had informed us, prevail among the Zoolus or the Fingoes. Captain Gardiner assigns the reason. 'This rite,' he says, 'which is now obsolete, obtained until Chacka's reign. He allowed it to go into desuetude, and his example has been followed by the whole nation.' It appears that Chacka, if not a different stock, was 'brought up with Tingaswāo, king of the Umtetwa, who is reported to have been a man of great sagacity, and to have originated some parts of the military system which Chacka subsequently brought to such perfection.' The Umtetwa* are stated to have been at that period, a people far more powerful than the Zoolu. The latter are, in fact, composed, Captain Gardiner says, of several tribes and conquered nations, and a great difference of complexion is observable among them, some few being of a light copper colour, while a dark chocolate is the prevailing shade, deepening, in some, to jet black. The language spoken by the Zoolus is radically the same as that spoken by the Amakosa and other Caffer tribes, but the clics are less frequent, and the vocabulary is often very different. This dialect is believed to be spoken not only by the Zoolu tribes, acknowledging Umselekaz to the north-west, but also by a tribe, called Unguāni, whose territory is situated about nine days N.N.E. of Unkungenglove, and who acknowledge a chief, named Sobuza. Captain Gardiner met with some individuals of this tribe, who had never before heard any language but their own, and were amused at his communicating with them through an interpreter. They described their country as bordered by an arid desert, extending northward and westward beyond their knowledge. In the northern desert there is a large river, to the banks of which they had been, but none had ever crossed it, nor had they ever heard of any people living beyond them, either north or west. On the east their nearest neighbours were a Zoolu

* Probably the same word as Vatwah, one of the names given to the Zoolu.

tribe, called Nobambas, from whom they obtained iron for heading their weapons. They had heard of Sofolo, but had never been there nor seen any of the people. Their country was acknowledged to be very insalubrious, and the hot winds are sometimes so oppressive that the inhabitants are obliged to ascend to the tops of the craggy mountains to the northward to obtain a gasp of air.

Among those and all the other tribes, with whom Captain Gardiner came into contact, the traditionary knowledge of a Supreme Being was found to be nearly worn out; and of religious worship, scarcely a trace remained.

'The following brief account is all that I have ever been able to collect on this subject: it is agreed among the Zoolus, that their forefathers believed in the existence of an overruling spirit whom they called *Villenangi* (literally the First Appearer), and who soon after created another heavenly being of great power called Koolukoowani, who once visited this earth, in order to publish the news, as they express it,) as also to separate the sexes and colours among mankind It is said, that many years ago, though not within the memory of the oldest person now living, sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenangi. The generality of the people are ignorant even of this scanty tradition; but since their recent intercourse with Europeans, the vague idea of a Supreme Being was again become general.' pp. 178, 9.

An Inguani chief confessed to the author that, on his long journeys, he had often wondered how things came, but could never find out, and had always supposed that they came by chance. When the body died, they conceived that it perished; but that the soul, after it was in the ground, entered the body of a snake or of some other animal. They knew nothing of either a good or an evil spirit. A tribe, called Inthlangwain, in the neighbourhood of Port Natal, had preserved, however, a tradition of a Supreme Being, whom they called *Oukoulukoolu* (the Great-Great);* but they knew nothing respecting him, but that he originally created men and cattle, and taught them the use of the *assegai*. The only objects of worship are the spirits of deceased chiefs, whom, in cases of severe sickness, it is sought to propitiate by the sacrifice of a beast; and a similar offering is made by the ruling chief to the spirit of his immediate ancestor, preparatory to any warlike or hunting expedition. No altar, prayer, or rite, however, marks the sacrifice; the only peculiar circumstance being that the bullock is killed *within* the cattle-

* The Koosas or Southern Caffers call the Supreme Being *Uklanga*, High or Supreme.

fold, (contrary to the usual practice,) and the flesh is cooked and partaken of on the spot. Captain Gardiner asked a chief, to whom they attributed their success or failure in war. "When we are unsuccessful," was the reply, "and do not take cattle, we think that our father has not looked upon us." The following colloquy ensued:—

' "Do you think your fathers' spirits made the world?" "No."

' "Where do you suppose the spirit of a man goes after it leaves the body?"—"We cannot tell."

' "Do you think it lives for ever?"—"That we cannot tell: we believe that the spirit of our forefathers looks upon us when we go out to war; but we do not think about it at any other time."—p. 284.

Upon the whole, the Zoolu tribes seem to be more deeply sunk in unintelligent ignorance and depravity than the southern Caffers, although superior to them in physical courage, and evidently not deficient in capacity. But in the lowest deep of human degradation, there is still a lower deep. Credible information was furnished to the Author, of a tribe named Immithlanga, to the north-west of the Zoolu country, who, in consequence of an attack from the Amatembre, had been first reduced, by the pressure of extreme want, to the dreadful necessity of subsisting upon their own children, and had afterwards evinced a decided predilection for human flesh by feasting on the bodies of captives. Every new fact in the history of semi-civilized nations serves to confirm the general position, that the progress of human society, in the absence of the light of revelation, is that of deterioration, not of improvement, and that barbarism is but the state to which all communities would gravitate, if deprived of the means of religious instruction, and, by the necessity of circumstances, occupied exclusively with the care of providing for their physical subsistence.

The chief object which Captain Gardiner has had in view and at heart, has been, to open the way for a mission to the Zoolu tribes, and to interest his countrymen in the establishment of a missionary station at Port Natal. The importance of occupying this position is strongly urged by the Author, who asserts the utter impracticability of defending the province of Albany, unless at a ruinous expense, in the event of any rival power establishing itself at Port Natal. It forms at the same time the key to the Zoolu country; and there is no reason to doubt, we are told, that the greater part, if not the whole of the trade in ivory, which now passes through the pestilential climate of Delagoa Bay, would find its way to the healthy shores of Port Natal, should the settlement become sufficiently organized by a local government. The American Board of Missions have for some

time had their attention turned to the establishment of a missionary station here.

On the application of the Author, in the name of the English residents, the Church Missionary Society have undertaken the charge of the two stations projected by Captain Gardiner; but, it is added, 'from their absolute inability to supply labourers for the work, it is very doubtful whether they will be enabled to carry their purpose into execution.' It is impossible to withhold our tribute of admiration from the heroic self-devotion and ardent zeal manifested by Captain Gardiner in the cause which he has so warmly espoused. His services as a pioneer must prove invaluable; and the information which he has collected respecting these unexplored regions will materially assist in guiding subsequent travellers.

There is an interesting account of his attempt to reach Cape Colony from Port Natal, by crossing the Quathlamba mountains, but which proved utterly impracticable. We shall insert his description of the *cul de sac* in which his persevering exertions terminated.

'Finding yesterday morning that a continued barrier of steep rocks prevented all progress to the south-west, we again descended, and following the windings of a steep acclivity, skirted on our right by the river, forcing its passage by a series of cataracts over the huge fragments of rock that encumbered its bed, we proceeded up the ravine, anxiously looking for an outlet. Hemmed in on two sides by steep and rugged mountains, we were still enabled for three miles to continue our course to the westward; but here a stop was at once put to all further advance, the mountains uniting near this point, and presenting nothing but a confused mass of crags and precipices, towering to a considerable height. To span out was obvious—nothing further was practicable for waggons; parties, however, were soon detached in different directions; but after a toilsome and difficult scramble to the summit of the neighbouring heights, which proved to be our unyielding friends, the noted Quathlamba, we all returned with the same unfavourable report that it was utterly impossible to proceed. Level spots indeed there were—and could the waggons by any means have been conveyed to the top, it is probable that for five or six miles they might travel without difficulty; but, then the descent!—and the complete labyrinth of rocky precipices which seemed to intersect the country in every direction, made it evident that the same labour must be repeated again and again, before we could hope to surmount the difficulties with which we were beset. While on this fruitless search, numerous traces of horses and cattle were observed; and Jacob reported that he had traced a well-beaten path to the brink of a cave, which appeared to be inhabited. No time was lost in exploring this unexpected haunt; and following the winding footpath for about half a mile further up the valley, we suddenly reached the mouth of a cavern, formed by a huge slab of rock jutting out from the precipice, the interior of which had been ingeniously partitioned off by trunks

and branches of trees, so as to form four separate rooms or compartments. Marks of fire were everywhere visible: remnants of mats, bunches of Indian corn, cooking bowls, a head-plume and armlet of hair, with several other articles, but more especially the traces of the horses, sufficiently proved who had been the late occupants of this singular place of refuge. It could have been no other than a party of Amakōsa, who had retreated into this mountain fastness; and a more well-chosen place for defence it is scarcely possible to conceive.

'The cave itself could contain at least one hundred persons; and from the irregularity of the approach, and the numerous masses of rock lying detached about its mouth, its very existence might long have been concealed, while in the immediate neighbourhood there is good and ample pasturage for a numerous herd of cattle. From various appearances, I am of opinion that they could not have quitted the spot more than six or seven weeks previously; had it been otherwise, we should have been completely at their mercy—and Kafir mercy is unfortunately but too well known. With respect to their movements, but two conjectures could be formed; they had either abandoned their rock refuge on the notification of peace with the colony, or with the intention of concentrating their scattered forces in a place more favourable for general combination. The former I consider as the most probable; but while a doubt remains on the subject, it is sufficient to deter me from proceeding any further in a south-westerly direction, as from reports received when last at Bunting, and more especially from the avowal of Kheeli's spies, the tribe of the late Hinza were meditating a retreat to the northward, and would probably, ere this, have occupied the whole country from the head of the Kei to the mountains, directly across our track. The time had now arrived to decide whether or not it would be advisable, under all circumstances, to prosecute the present intention of reaching the colony by crossing Quathlamba range. This, it was evident, could only be effected by abandoning the waggons and packing the oxen; but as they had already proved so refractory on comparatively plain ground, it was exceedingly doubtful, if, with all our exertions, we could urge them over the mountains without losing the greater part of our supplies. I never longed so much for a Spanish "borico;" but even then, deceived as we had been by every previous account of this country, (having encountered nothing but steep mountains where open plains were reported, and actually laid down in the maps,) there was little probability of meeting with any very even country throughout the whole intervening route to Stockenstrom's river. The only prudent course seemed to be to endeavour to make the coast by the nearest route (a south-east course); and when thus assured of our actual position, to make the best of our way once more to Bunting, in the hope of the Kafir war having in the meantime terminated, and the usual road to the colony being again open. Having finally come to this determination, we took our leave of the rocks and precipices of Quathlamba, and, retracing our steps, yesterday afternoon traversed open downs until some time past sunset, when we spanned out. Several paths worn by the Kafirs were observed by the way.' pp. 344-47.

It would be unfair not to give a specimen of the poems by the composition of which the Author solaced his dreary journeyings. The greater part are of a devotional cast, and will be responded to by the pious reader. The following has the merit at least of being a faithful description of

‘ WAGGON TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

- ‘ Ye locomotive sons of travel,
Whose pastime is to scour the land,
Listen awhile while I unravel
A tale of distant Africand.
And dream no more of chariots stuffed,
And downy beds with eider puffed.
- ‘ In our antipodes of ease,
If comfort you would still combine
To waggon pace, by slow degrees
Your progress you must here confine ;
For should you ever walk or ride,
You’ll have no other house beside.
- ‘ No turnpikes here, and scarce a road—
Still on the cumbrous omnium moves,
By twelve or fourteen oxen towed,
While every rock its metal proves,
As jolt by jolt it wends its way
Where bucks and elands only stray.
- ‘ Resigned and patient you must be,
For bumps and tossings you will meet ;
Sometimes you’ll think yourself at sea,
And oft be jerked from off your seat ;
And when you come to ford a river,
The whole will creak, and gape, and quiver.
- ‘ For headlong you will seem to go,
Like magnets dipping near the pole,
While currents through your boxes flow,
The oxen scarcely in control—
Now scrambling—falling—swimming now,
As through the rapid stream you plough.
- ‘ And when the nether bank you mount,
Like some huge mammoth stranded there,
Awhile you’ll hang—for drivers count
’Tis best to pause for change of air,
Suspended on a steep ascent,
Lest haply the whole team be spent.

- ‘ Crack goes the whip—a passage breaks
Through tangle boughs, and reeds, and grass ;
The sea-cow, scared, her haunt forsakes,
And cranes shriek loudly as you pass,
And loosened rocks in fragments strew
The opening you have struggled through.
- ‘ To check your speed—for strange to say,
You’re sometimes rudely hurled along—
A steep declivity may lay
Across the path you’re journeying on ;
In serpent windings to and fro,
The skilful leader makes them go.
- ‘ And dust and stones alike are cast
To check their mad career awhile—
An avalanche—you gain at last,
By sheer momentum, the defile ;
But should perchance a rock be there,
Your wheels would circle in the air.
- ‘ And oh, what barbarous Dutch I’ve heard,
Fit language for an ox’s ear ;
By all this jargon is preferred,
When they would make the cattle hear ;
And, with the harsher whip between,
Well suits the wild,—the desert scene.
- ‘ All is not fair that cheers the eye—
Some treacherous bog engulfs the wheel,
Nor house nor tree for miles are nigh ;
And though the pelting storm you feel,
Your whole effects are strewed around,
Cast on the black and yielding ground.
- ‘ And there perhaps for hours you wait,
Soaked in the rain, and ankle deep,
To mark the lightened omnium’s fate,
And hail it issuing from the deep :
And then if you have aught that’s dry,
You’re better off than hapless I.
- ‘ Such, tourists, are the joys we boast,
Without the light champaign to cheer ;
Yet we can pledge a blithsome toast :
The mountain streamlet murmurs near,
And bumpers to your health we drink,
And only ask—on us you’ll think ? ’ pp. 324–26.

Art. IX. *A Guide from the Church of Rome to the Church of Christ.* By a Minister of the Gospel, formerly a Roman Catholic. 18mo, pp. 384. Price 3s. Dublin, 1836.

THIS is precisely such a work as we had long desired to see, a mild, temperate, argumentative, faithful exposure and refutation of Irish Romanism, not as it exists in the tomes of Father Dens, or any other polemical works, but as it is embodied in the actual doctrines and practices of the Irish Priesthood and their votaries. Since the publication of Scott's *Force of Truth*, we do not recollect to have met with a work more admirably adapted to produce conviction on the mind of a reader accessible to evidence of the most satisfactory kind. The volume is not simply an authentic testimony borne to certain facts, or an attempt to confute certain errors, but contains 'a faithful narrative of the Author's 'experience, first, as a devout Roman Catholic, next, as a sceptic 'in that communion, then, as a convert convinced of the truth of 'Protestantism, but not renewed in heart, and finally as a believer 'in Jesus.' The history of such a conversion cannot but be highly instructive. The first stages of the transition are the natural result of awakened inquiry; and thousands of thousands within the Romish pale have advanced to the half-way house of Infidelity, and there, for want of a light from Heaven, ignorant of the true way, and disgusted with the dreary waste of pathless scepticism, have preferred to throw themselves back into the arms of superstition. Others have had the courage and determination to go forward, and cross the frontier of Protestantism. They have become convinced of the truth of the Protestant religion as based upon the only legitimate and safe authority in matters of faith; or have been led to recognise its superiority as a system in respect to its social and political influence. But, in changing from the Church of Rome to the Church of England, they have still missed the straight road and narrow gate which leads into the Church of Christ. The present volume has for its object to shew "a more excellent way;"—"to trace the steps 'by which' the Author, 'with hesitation and trembling, won 'his intricate way through the gloomy labyrinth of superstition— 'to describe the natural and facile transition from Romanism to 'Infidelity,—to reveal the secrets of the sceptic's heart,—and to 'state the arguments by which he was finally led to embrace 'the Protestant faith, and trust in a crucified Saviour.'

The volume lays open the errors and abominations of Irish Popery; but, at the same time, it exposes the 'nakedness of the 'land' as regards the character of much that bears the name of Irish Protestantism. So far from any inducement being held out to the proselyte, the greatest discouragements are thrown in the way of a conversion to the Protestant faith. 'Strange as it may

‘appear’ says the Author, ‘Protestants, with few exceptions, treat him with coldness and suspicion: they think him an intruder on their *privileges*, and sometimes openly question his sincerity.’

‘There are many Protestants leaning so strongly to the Papal creed, possessing minds so stupid, and hearts so selfish, that they think it impossible for such a man to *die* in the new faith, or to adopt it, from any other but interested motives. They measure others by themselves. They paint from the vile original which they carry in their own bosoms. Their own religion is a worldly speculation; an earthly mixture of covetousness and party spirit; its motives are drawn from time, and not from eternity: its practice is regulated, not by the Divine will, but by the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. What conscience can have to do with a man’s creed, they are unable to comprehend. Religion is with them an heir-loom, handed down with their title-deeds from generation to generation. If you want to discover traces of its influence, you must be referred to their pews in the parish church, where, in all probability, you will find them on Christmas-day and Easter-Sunday, when they, very devoutly, take the Lord’s supper on an empty stomach. They damn Pope and Popery most loyally, and are very obstreperous in their support of penal laws. But, had they lived at the period of the Reformation, they would have fought to maintain inviolate the prerogatives of his Holiness. They idolize the name of Martin Luther; but, had that great man been their contemporary, they would have denounced him as an apostate, and sworn that he had learned his new doctrines in secret conferences with the devil. With Protestantism for ever on their lips, the rankest Popery predominates in their hearts. “They build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.” But they shew by their treatment of those who walk in the footsteps of the Reformers, that they are indeed the children of them that killed the prophets.’

From this class of Protestants, the convert has nothing to look for but coldness and distrust; unless, indeed, he can conciliate their favour, by echoing their party watchwords, and lending himself to be the organ of their virulent political animosity towards the party he has forsaken. On the other hand, the *infamy* attaching to a desertion of the national faith, presents a still more formidable discouragement. This, again the Author states his conviction, is owing greatly to the secular character which the Establishment gives to the Church of England, and which has arrayed against the Protestant Church, ‘not only the religious prejudices of a superstitious, but the national antipathy and vindictive hostility of a conquered people.’

‘The man who goes over to Protestantism, is regarded not only as an apostate from his religion, but as a traitor to his country. Were I

asked what obstacle I felt most difficulty in surmounting, in the public avowal of my change of principles—what objection rose up with most power in my mind—what prejudice was most painfully eradicated—I would answer at once, those which arose from the fact, that I was forsaking a depressed, in order to join an ascendant church; that I was relinquishing a religion, which had long been a badge of infamy, and a bar to political preferment, in order to adopt one, in whose right hand were earthly riches and worldly honours, and in her left the blood-stained instruments of death. I merely state the impressions which were then in my mind, and against which all sincere inquirers have to struggle in adopting the course which I adopted. I know how Roman Catholics feel on this subject; and I give expression to their feelings, not to record my approval of them, but to show that, though they are natural, and may be in some measure excused, yet they are foolish and pernicious, and should therefore be strenuously resisted. And I would also willingly give to the friends of truth in the Established Church the testimony of an impartial and competent witness, as to the real source of the weakness of their cause in Ireland.' pp. 119, 120.

'Were the Church of England not the Church of the State,' the Author remarks, 'her converts would be vastly more numerous than they are.' Speaking of his own feelings, he says, 'I shall never forget the night when,' (after a conversation with a friend who had urged the wealth, pride, and pageantry of the Established Clergy as an argument against the Protestant religion,) 'retiring alone to my room, my heart was torn with the most conflicting emotions.'

'“Would to God,” I cried, “that the Protestants were poor and persecuted! then I could avow my principles without dishonour; I could put my sincerity to the test. But now, though I expect no earthly advantage, and must encounter certain misery by my change of creed, yet my friends, the companions of my youth, the partners of my joy and sorrows, whose suspicion or contempt would be agony to my soul,—they will ascribe to my conduct the basest of motives. But it shall not be.—(And here I cast myself on my knees in a state of almost frenzied excitement.) It shall not be so! I solemnly vow that I never will stain my character by apostacy! No—rather let me continue in communion with a fallen church, and worship my Creator *in secret*.'

Of this vow, the Author soon repented; and though he was called to face the vulgar slander, he declares that he never got any thing among Protestants which he did not earn honestly. 'With much trouble,' he says, 'a reverend friend obtained for me a poor situation, which I was compelled to relinquish, by an anonymous notice which threatened my life if I did not; and this notice came from a churchman!' Not a little did it cost him to go through the service of a public renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome; a proceeding which sub-

sequent experience has led him to deprecate as injudicious and prejudicial.

‘One of my nearest relatives accused me of being actuated by sinister motives, and selling my soul for filthy lucre. Another dear female friend, whom I highly esteemed for her amiable qualities and her unfeigned piety, told me plainly, that I resembled Judas, who dipped his hand in the dish with his Divine Master, and then basely betrayed him. Another lifted up his hands, and prayed as I advanced to the church, that God might strike me dead before such a deed of impiety was consummated. . . . Though my views of the Gospel were still indistinct, my spirit was supported by the consciousness that I was doing my duty; and it also consoled me to remember that the Son of God himself was pursued with maledictions to the Cross.’

After bringing the history of his conversion to Protestantism to this point, the Author proceeds to explain the reasons which induced him to leave the Church of Rome; and in the subsequent chapters will be found a very clear and distinct exposure of the erroneous character of the leading Romish tenets,—the Sacrifice of the Mass, Meritorious Works, Penance, Invocation of Saints, the Worship of the Virgin, Purgatory, Transubstantiation, and Image Worship. In combating the arguments adduced by the Romanists in defence of the last-mentioned superstition, the Author very successfully turns against the Church of Rome her own weapons.

‘Once more, we are told that God himself ordered the religious use of images to his own peculiar people, and expressly commanded Moses to make certain representations for this purpose. This is an appeal to the law and the testimony, and such appeals deserve our serious attention. Two instances are produced:—First, *Exod. 25*, “where Moses is commanded to make two cherubims of beaten gold, and place them at the two ends of the mercy-seat, over the ark of the covenant, in the very sanctuary.” The other is *Num. 21*, where Moses, by the divine authority, made a serpent of brass.

‘Now as to the cherubim, it is very true, as the writer above quoted remarks, that they were placed in the “very sanctuary,” or rather in the “holy of holies.” But this circumstance, on which he seems anxious to lay stress, is fatal to his argument. For these figures, whatever they were intended to represent, were *never seen by the people*. They never bowed down before them, nor paid them any honour or veneration. Not even the Priests enjoyed the privilege of beholding these mysterious images, but the High Priest alone, and that only once a year! If one of the people had dared to intrude into the most holy place, in order to bow down and venerate those images, instead of thereby enkindling his devotion, he would have enkindled the anger of Him “that dwelleth between the cherubim,” and met the doom of Uzzah, who perished for touching the ark of God.

‘What now becomes of the argument drawn from this passage? What bearing has it on the question at issue? Not the slightest! We shall see whether the case of the serpent be more in point. The camp

of Israel was infested with fiery serpents, by which many of the people were bitten. This was emblematic of the destructive influence of sin, which the old serpent, the devil, has instilled into the heart of man. Moses, according to the divine command, made a serpent of brass, on which, when elevated on a pole, the people were directed to look, that their wounds might be healed. This was an eminent type of Christ, for, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life," John iii. 14, 15. Would, my dear Friend, that our countrymen rightly understood, and truly believed this one passage! What strongholds of error it would demolish! What delusions it would dissipate! How it would cleanse the haunts of guilt, and cheer the habitations of wretchedness! Before the benign and humanizing influence of this single truth, when received into the heart, the kindred demons, Bigotry and Discord, would fly back to their primeval abode, driven by the light and love of the Gospel from the arena of social life, and the banquet of human blood. Ireland would then be converted into the garden of the Lord. Her wilderness and solitary places would rejoice and blossom as the rose, and her condition would be "as the days of heaven upon the earth!" But alas, the Christian's prayer and the patriot's hope may not yet be realised! This, however, is a digression.

'The question is, were the people encouraged to pay to this brazen serpent a certain kind of religious veneration? That they did so in the course of time, I admit. But was their conduct in this respect criminal or praiseworthy? Happily this question can be answered to the confusion of all who pertinaciously adhere to the stupid worship of images. Hezekiah receives the highest praise from the Spirit of God, as a good reforming king, who acted in all things according to the Divine will. Of him we read, that "he removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the *brazen serpent* that Moses had made; for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it *Nehushtam*;" that is, a piece of brass.—2 Kings, xviii. 4.

'What an instructive lesson does the history of this piece of brass afford us? See the melancholy effect of will-worship—of departing from the law, even where some plausible apology might be made. What a monstrous brood of idolatrous practices grew up round the piece of brass thus superstitiously venerated! Thus was it found necessary that the serpent should be broken in pieces, type of Christ though it was, because the people converted it into an idol. Would that some Hezekiah would rise up in Ireland to purge your sanctuary, to destroy your images, and break in pieces your crucifixes! But let us wait with patience; and ere many years elapse, education and the Gospel will accomplish the work.' pp. 295—298.

In the concluding chapter, the Author adverts to the favourite argument against Protestantism, drawn from the alleged variety of sects.

'Some years ago, Dr. M'Hale rifled Bossuet, and ransacked our theological dictionaries, and then taxed his own ingenuity to the ut-

most to multiply and muster these varieties in the most imposing manner before the public. This declamatory writer (who is rather too much lauded for the beauty of his style) recently made a speech, which you have doubtless read, in which he glorifies himself as an incomparably profound reader, and intimates that he has been diving into the phosphorescent gulf of the dark ages. I am afraid that he draws up a great deal that he would not wish to meet the eye of a heretic. But has he never, in his researches, met with varieties of doctrine and discipline in his church, which boasts so loudly of her unity? Let him pull the beam out of his own eye, before he attempts to draw the mote out of ours. Are there not schisms in the Church of Rome? Do not some contend that the Pope enjoys only a primacy; others that he is infallible? Do not some claim infallibility for a general council, and others limit this prerogative to the Pope and Council conjointly? Is it ascertained what constitutes a Council *general*? Is not the church divided into predestinarians and advocates of free-will? Is it not divided on the question of exclusive salvation? and on the question of persecution? and on the doctrine of penance—some holding, with Archbishop Fenelon, that our sorrow for sin must be disinterested, springing solely from a regard to the glory of God, while the majority contend that attrition, a mere selfish regret for sin because of the suffering which follows it, is all that the sacrament requires. While the Jesuits hold the abominable doctrine that the sacraments themselves, by a physical energy, remove sin from the soul without any dependence whatever on the state of the feelings. To the Jesuits belong the honour of reconciling the practice of religion with the habit of vice! It is true, that since the Council of Trent, they have laboured to suppress any open dissent from its dogmas. But let Dr. M'Hale dip a little more deeply into ecclesiastical history; let him read Mosheim, or if he object to this able and honest writer as a Protestant, let him consult his own Fleury or Du Pin, or let him turn over the folios of Labbeus, the Jesuit historian of the councils, and he will find such variety of doctrine—such a mass of heterogeneous opinions, of extravagance and absurdity, issuing from the teeming womb of infallibility, that when compared with the Protestant variations, it will appear as a mountain to a mole hill. Besides, there is in the Church of Rome a great variety in point of discipline. Each order has its separate code. The Dominican, Franciscan, Capuchin, Jesuit, &c., have each its system of rules or laws; so that what is sin in one is not sin in another. The progeny of the Pope is diverse and motley as the armies which Xerxes led over the Hellespont. Each of the monastic tribes wears a garb, speaks a language, and ranks under a banner of its own. Unlike the Protestants, every name implies a peculiar system and a distinct standard of morality.

'We are not so foolish as to think that a perfect uniformity of opinion is attainable. Nevertheless, there is a unity in our churches on all essential points that is really astonishing. If you compare the various confessions and creeds drawn up at the reformation in different countries, you will find that, in matters of faith, they "all speak the same thing." There may be slight variations in the mode of expression, but the meaning is substantially the same in all. They agree in

their views of the Trinity, the depravity of human nature, the atonement, justification by faith alone, the regenerating and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and the state of the soul after death. And the doctrines they taught we still believe, because we find them in the word of God. It is true, that there are different forms of church government prevailing amongst us. But though these, unhappily, have been made a ground of external separation between Christians, yet they are not deemed essential, nor do they prevent our mutual confidence and Christian fellowship.

‘ You must, my dear Friend, make large deduction from the representations of your writers on this subject. Suppose our enemies are able to enumerate fifty names applied since the Reformation to Protestant sects. From this number you must subtract about thirty, as mere synonymes, different appellations, describing societies holding the same faith and discipline. Of the remainder, take from fifteen to twenty for those mushroom sects—those ephemeral productions of fanaticism—which spring up in a night, and live their little day, and perish. These are, for the most part, different manifestations of some exploded dogma, appearing in the church at distant intervals—a periodical resuscitation of some fanatical tenet, silently entombed by a by-gone generation; the name alone survives. The Church of Rome, which never comprehended more than one-fourth of Christendom, has given birth to a greater number of these monstrosities than all other churches put together. The formidable number of denominations is now brought down to the following:—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, Moravians, and Quakers.

‘ The Moravians are Episcopalians; so, also, are the majority of the Methodists; and the Baptists are Independents, differing with their brethren of that denomination only in the mode and subjects of baptism. Thus, then, the denominations, which comprehend the great body of orthodox Protestants throughout the world, are three—the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent, or Congregational. Between these there is a clearly defined difference on the non-essential matter of church-government or discipline. In the first, the governing authority rests with the bishops; in the second, with the assembly of elders; in the last, with the particular church or congregation. These three bodies are, by a simultaneous movement, both in Europe and America, verging closer to one another every year. The constitution of a Christian church, and the principles of religious liberty, and the terms of communion, are becoming daily better understood by all parties; and were it not for political causes, I believe the walls of separation between orthodox Christians would soon be totally levelled. The doctrines of these three great sections of Reformed Christianity are the same. You will find them in a small work, entitled “*Scriptural Unity of Protestant Churches*,” recently published by Robertson and Co., Dublin. The Episcopalian faith is contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Presbyterian in the Westminster Confession, and the Congregational in the Declaration of Faith and Church Order, published by the Congregational Union of England and Wales. These three Confessions of Faith are, on doctrinal points, in perfect

harmony. They contain the principles which have been explained and defended in the preceding pages. We all believe the same truths, and walk by the same law; are conscious of the same experience, and inspired by the same hopes. We are redeemed by the same blood, justified by the same faith, regenerated by the same Spirit, impelled by the same motives, and looking forward to the same inheritance in heaven. We believe that all that are influenced by these principles are members of the Church of Christ, in whatever sect or religion they may be found.' pp. 364—371.

As the Author has not thought proper to affix his name to this volume, we forbear to disclose it; but we have obtained, in answer to our inquiries, the most satisfactory testimony to his exemplary character and usefulness as 'a minister of the Gospel.' The work is free from all sectarianism, and deserves, therefore, to be kindly received by all denominations of Protestants.

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